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The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS:—CASH IN ADVANCE.

One Copy one year, ... $1.50
" " six months, ...75
" " three " 50

The People's Press.

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, the Markets and General Information.

VOL. XXX. SALEM, N C, AUGUST 3, 1882. NO. 31.

JOB PRINTING

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Evening at the Farm.

Down from the hills where the fresh breeze is blowing,
Rich with the scent of the resinous pine;
Up from low pastures where blue flag is growing,
Where, 'mong the green grasses, brooklets entwine,
Filled with the grasses, intent on home-going
Slow-footed cows are all hasting in line,
Filling the air with their milking-time lowing,
While boldly their forms the last sun rays define.

Afar in the west the red sun lies a-dying,
Gorgeous his couch as Aurora's gay bed;
Homeward in haste the late swallows are flying,
Dark float their forms 'gainst the sky's fading red.
Deep in the wood the night birds are crying,
Wails for the day that is past and dead;
High in the east where the faint clouds are lying
Cynthia glides on her way overhead.

THE BELLE OF THE "CHESTER BELL."

"Yes, sir, in the old hulk that lies rotting there I've sailed many a long year. She used to make splendid runs between Bremen and here. A grand clipper she was, a regular ocean beauty in them days. Her name was the Chester Bell, and she rode the waves just like a nutshell, sir. Her captain's name was Tulliver, Tim Tulliver; likely you've heard of him. I know sailors, and pretty good seamen, too, that change color at the very mention of that man's name. He was a tiger, sir, a human hyena, a bloodthirsty, bullying wretch, without having even the saving clause of a bad temper. Why, he could kill a man in cold blood the same as you'd relish a good breakfast, sir.

"Many's the crew of fine, honest fellows I've seen shipped aboard o' her, to be turned into skulking hounds the minute he'd look at 'em. He'd a pretty little girl for a wife, strange to say—them sort gen'lly gits such—and sometimes she'd go to sea with him. If anybody could keep him in order it was her; but even she couldn't prevent his cruelty to the men With first-rate seamen he was tyrannical, but, great Cæsar! if a greenhorn shipped, let him look alive! He'd as lief take a belaying-pin to him and knock him in the head as eat his dinner. I've seen him do it, too. It was a young fellow that answered him back, and he just laid his face open from crown to chin. Oh, but he was a cruel man, sir!

"He often took emigrants to the United States—squads of 'em. They gen'rally got served middling well. Pay the captain his money and he'd give you the worth of it—so much for his due. One passage he had rather an uncommon lot—five hundred, I think, young and old—a pretty decent set in all. Fact is, these German passengers, even if they are in the steerage, have their pockets pretty well lined. Commend me to the German emigrant for honesty and thrift. There was families of two and five, and sometimes ten and twelve—a good many handsome young girls among them, too.

"The particular passage of which I'm going to speak, however, was in the year '50—a great year for clippers that was. I was busy tarring some ropes when a family came aboard that made us all look alive. First, there was the grandfather, in his old country dress, with hair as long as my arm and as white as the foam of the sea under the sun. He and his dame were as sweet-mannered and fine-looking as you might meet in a hundred years. Then came the sons and daughters and grandchildren. It didn't seem as if they ought to go in the steerage along o' commoner passengers; but they did, though they bore themselves like gentlefolk.

"Then followed, sir, atween two young men—her brother and her lover, we afterward found out—a young girl not more than sixteen or seventeen. Well, that was the handsomest little craft I ever laid these two eyes on, and I've seen some fine-looking women in my day, having sailed from every port in the world. She was that pretty that we christened her on the spot the 'Belle of the Chester Bell.'

"Behind them came Captain Tim, behaving his level best, and there weren't many as could beat him for a fine eye and a gallant bearing. He seemed to be looking out for their comfort—ah, but the little beauty she was! Queens and noble ladies might well envy the red and white of her face, and even the way she walked and the turn of her head. It was a sight to see. Her brother and her lover were both right manly, handsome fellows, too, and dear enough they loved her, one could see.

"Well, we set sail, having beautiful weather for the first few days, and the pretty German girl, she would come out sometimes for an airing, generally followed by one or the other of them two chaps. I was always looking out o' the corner of my eye, and I observed that the captain was allays on hand looking at her in the most admiring manner. I wanted to tell her lover that it would be better not to show his little beauty so much if he wanted to keep her out o' harm's way, for girls is mostly that vain if that handsome!

"Came the second week out, and we had hard weather. I was taking my observations right straight along, for I noticed Captain Tim was always making much of the old gentleman and his wife. The fools! I could a-told 'em why he singled them out. It wasn't the captain's place to be in the steerage. I longed to tell him so, for I had a pretty kid of my own at home; but I might have paid for it with my life.

"There were but few passengers in the cabin, one of them a consumptive lady who had not brought her servant. How it was done I never knew, but the captain managed to get this handsome girl to wait upon the sick woman. Mighty fond of money they must a'been to let that girl go out o' their sight and into the company of a man like Captain Tim.

"After a while I took notice that the young fellow who appeared to be the girl's sweetheart grew pale and nervous. He was out on deck oftener, and his face seemed to indicate uneasy, jealous feelings. I didn't blame him. I wanted to warn him—for I could tell how it was with him, poor fellow! If he saw half that I did, I don't wonder not only that he was suspicious of the captain, but I thought if I was in his place I'd make the captain answer for it. He did get pretty well roused up one time; but I won't tell that part o' the story till I git to it.

"I knew something of languages—at any rate enough to make out even the lingo of a German. They say it's the grandest language in the world; it may be, but it's jaw breaking all the same. One day being down in the steerage I heard something that made me open my ears. Just then down came the girl. Oh, but she looked prettier than ever. She had on a fine silk apron and a pair of shining rings in her little ears. Her hair was all fluffed up and her face aglow, just like a wild rose on a soft spring morning. The whole family were up, after their spell of sickness, knitting and jabbering and laughing, all but the girl's sweetheart, who, the minute he heard her footsteps, jumped up like a shot had been fired at him and went to another part of the ship. I see that she looked after him in that sort of way girls look sometimes, when they know they can do just what they please with a man's heart, and I took notice that she seemed flustered.

"When the girl spoke, I heard the captain's name and then they all looked anxious and pleased at the same time, asking and answering questions. All at once a strange feeling come over me. I didn't know exactly what was my duty, for I was as much afraid of Captain Tim's ugly temper as any man could be, but as I listened and listened I couldn't bear it any longer, and going up to the people I said a few words in their own language. Well, I only gave them to understand that the captain had a wife, but, perhaps I had better have held my tongue, for they evidently did not believe me.

"Finding I could make no impression upon them, I went after the sweetheart and let him know what I suspected. I never saw a man so frightfully angry. He grew white as a sheet, and the terror and the horror made him ghastly. He clinched his hands, and the veins stood swelled out on his forehead, while his 'Mein Gott!' was enough to curdle one's blood.

"That afternoon Captain Tim came toward me, and I knew what to expect. So I braced my nerves up and determined that, please God, I wouldn't be afraid of him.

"No need to repeat his language—it was enough to shake the nerves of a man of brass. He used all the oaths I ever heard come out of a whole ship's crew's lips in ten voyages, and swore he'd have my heart's blood—that he'd send me to the bottom of the sea, and such like threats. I told him respectfully, as a petty officer should always speak to his captain, that I had done by the girl as I would by my own sister. I don't just remember exactly what I said, but I think words was given, for he looked hard at me, as if he wasn't certain whether he quite saw through my motives, and with one worse threat than the last, and a mouthful more of dirty oaths he went off.

"But I could see a change in the girl after that for I was always on the watch. She smiled more seldom and her color went and came too easy. Then her step grew slower, and she would go stand at the side of the vessel and take long sad looks at the water, as if she was in a brown study. Pretty soon after that her eyes began to look heavy, and once or twice I found her in an out-of-the-way place crying and sobbing like a baby. Well, I didn't attempt to comfort her—she wouldn't a borne it for as soon as ever she saw me she would fly off like a scared bird. My heart felt heavy for her, because I knew there must be a reason for it, besides the growing weakness of the poor woman, who was dying in the cabin day by day, and praying only to see land before she did go.

"One night, ah, sir, I shall never forget that night—the moon was at her full, and sat looking at the reflection in the water like a queen with a silver crown on, and a veil of white light floated away off on the sea, so that it looked like a bride waiting for her husband. For the first time in many days I saw the pretty German girl and her sweetheart on deck together. I could not keep my eyes from her; she looked for all the world like a sweet angel just lent out of heaven for a little. It was my watch, and my duty to bid them below; but I don't know why it was, I couldn't do it. They went forward and sat at the bows. There were barrels there and planks atop, so no one could walk back and forth easily. I couldn't hear anything they said, of course, but I saw by their gestures that they were talking very fast. Sometimes he would go close up to her, and she would put out her hand and push him away, then cry as if her heart would break. This went on for some time when at the last she seemed to grow calmer. I saw her throw herself into his arms. I saw him kiss her again and again; then she seemed to wrench herself away, and quicker than I can tell, over she went.

"I don't know how I got there, or how the whole ship seemed to swarm so suddenly with life. I remember catching at a dark body that was going over—her poor distracted brother, and his falling back into my arms dead as a log, after giving a great cry. That scream brought the captain and two mates. The captain asked, angrily, what was the row?

"'That little German girl is overboard!' I said; and if I had any sort of a weapon that was dead sure I'd have laid him at my feet. He knew how I felt, he knew, the scoundrel! the villain! His face changed, his very voice was different, as he ordered 'Bout ship.'

"One of the boats was down, and we supposed, through some mismanagement, it swamped, for we saw nothing of boat or lover or girl; and so that was the end of that. It was a changed company afterward. The shock killed the poor sick woman, and she was buried the same day, for sailors can't bide a corpse on board ship; but I declare to you, sir, that though we put weights in that coffin, it stood up on end and followed us until midnight. I never saw such a sight before; I hope never to again. There it was right after us, and the sailors watched it with pale faces no one daring to say a word to the captain, who swore if any one but looked at him.

"We all made as if the girl had fallen overboard for the sake of the poor creatures who were left. They conjectured everything, as folks will who go wild with grief. But I think her brother understood, though he was sick with brain fever all the rest of the voyage. Her mother, poor creature, came near dying herself, and I am sure her heart must have been nearly broken. It was hard to see that fine-looking old grandfather tottering round wringing his hands and shaking his gray old head, while the tears run and run—may I never see the like again!

"Next voyage we shipped a green hand. I never suspected till we'd been out three days that it was the German girl's brother. Then I knew he meant mischief. I told him I knew him, but he begged so hard I kept his secret. How often since I've wished I hadn't, though it might have been no better for him. I was sure there was going to be more trouble, and it came soon. He didn't know the ropes and I think the captain suspected who it was and kept on his guard, for he was mighty careful not to anger him. But one day his temper gave way, and if it hadn't a bin as it was I shouldn't much blamed him neither, for I like good seamanship as well as the next man, and the German lad was as contrary as a mule. The first thing we knew the captain struck the man, and the next they were struggling together on the deck. Well, sir, we saw blood. The captain had got at his knife and run the poor fellow through the heart. He never spoke after that, and none of us could say anything, because the captain killed him in self-defense. I was that horror struck that I vowed I'd never step foot in that ship again; and never again I did, although Captain Tim offered me double wages. Sir, it was a God-cursed ship after that. Misfortune went with it every voyage, and seemed to strike everybody but the captain. That always seemed strange to me. He lost men and the owners lost money, but he always came off scot free.

"Well, sir, I am coming to the queerest part of my story. I was once inspecting an insane asylum with a friend of mine from the old country. He wished to see a case of raving insanity, being about to write a book in which he wanted to describe something of the sort. We had several cases, when the keeper said, pointing to a double cell:

"'There is the worst subject in this or any other establishment. He is an old sea-captain, whose madness is so alarming at about midnight that, in spite of all our precautions, we expect every morning to find him a corpse. We are obliged to keep him in this closet, the walls of which are lined that he may not dash his brains out. He has been here nearly a year, and imagines that he is pursued by a girl, and held under water by her till his breath leaves his body.'

"Well, the door was unlocked, and there, despite the hideously-altered and haggard face, I saw my old captain—Tim Tulliver!"

"Then," said I, speaking for the first time, "at last God had smitten him."

"Well, I suppose that's not for us to say," continued the narrator, "for I haven't come quite to the end of my story."

"Some three years after the little German beauty threw herself over in the way I have told you, I was off duty in a foreign harbor, and strolling into a street I found a little shop presided over by a woman who was the living image of poor little Gretchen—I believe I haven't spoken her name before. I went in, and she stared at me, and I stared at her. I felt myself grow pale, but she flushed rosy red, which put me more in mind of Gretchen than ever. So I said to her in German, to make sure, that she reminded me of a lass I had once known.

"'Oh! she cried. 'I was sure I couldn't be mistaken—you were so kind to me once, when I was on board that dreadful Chester Bell.'

"'Then,' I said, completely astonished, and catching my breath, 'it is really Gretchen!'

"'Yes, indeed, I am really Gretchen, and my husband is not yet at home; he has gone to look after our bit of land; but sit down, he will be back in a moment; no, no, come in here, dinner will be ready before a great while.'

"I followed, like one in a dream, and found myself in a neat, pretty little parlor, looking out on a garden crowded with flowers, and beyond that the shingly beach, and further the deep sea. In a corner at one side of the tiny fireplace stood a wicker-cradle wherein slept a lovely child.

"'That's my little Gretchen,' she said, with a happy and proud smile.

"'I've got three nice children, the eldest quite a lad.'

"'Then, please tell me, for I am nearly dying of curiosity,' I said, 'how comes it you are here and not at the bottom of the sea?'

"'Oh, that was an awful night!' she said, a shadow crossing her face. 'I threw myself over because Hans, who was cruelly jealous, wouldn't believe my word, for, you see the captain was very wicked and I had found him out, and Hans would not listen, which drove me desperate, and I did not care if I died. But the poor fellow had suffered; for, though I hated the captain, I was too easy to let him admire me. But Hans found me, though I was half dead, and then he kept the boat in the shadow of the ship till all the rush and fright was over, for he said he would rather die with me in an open boat on the sea than put me in the power of that bad captain. And so we should, perhaps, have perished, but a ship came along in the morning and picked us up; and Hans would never go to America after that. He found good friends and settled down here.'

"'But your people?'

"'Oh, they all come out here—all but my poor brother—we never knew where he went; so you see we were quite as well off as if we had gone to America, and I never thought to meet you again sir, never; are you still on that dreadful ship?'

"I told her all but the tragic fate of her brother, which I thought was better suppressed; but you see, sir, there was no real haunting, but the poor old captain was beset by his own dreadful imagination and the sting of his conscience, for, no doubt in his heart, he had willed to do murder and worse. And so there you have the story of the Belle of the Chester Bell."—*Mrs. Denison.*

E. B. D., Kansas: The yellow or orange-colored dust on the under side of blackberry leaves is a fungus growth known as rust. It is the same in every respect as the rust on wheat and oats, and some kinds of blackberries, the common wild ones especially, are very subject to it. This rust kills the plants or makes them grow very weak, and rapidly spreads from one plant to another, until all are infected. The remedy is to cut out and dig up every plant that is diseased, and grow none but those which are proof against it.

Mr. Spoopendyke's Search.

"Oh, dear!" grunted Mrs. Spoopendyke, "I'm sure I'm going to die!" and the good woman flopped over in the bed and contemplated her husband with a pale face and a look of general debility. "You'll be good to baby, won't you, dear?"

"Oh, ho!" returned Mr. Spoopendyke, pounding her tenderly on the head with his big hand. "You're all right. Bear up against it, and you'll be well in an hour or two. I've often had the cholera morbus, but you never see me give up like this. Where's the ginger?"

"I don't know," moaned Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Look on the top shelf of the closet. If it isn't there, try the bottom drawer of the wardrobe; or it may be in the pantry. Ow-w!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke doubled up and straightened out with a jerk.

"You can't remember any other Congressional district represented by that ginger, can you?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, prowling around the room in an aimless but energetic fashion. "You don't call to mind a couple more roosting-places in which that ginger is to be found, do you? Where'bouts on the top shelf?" and Mr. Spoopendyke rattled around among the old bottles and empty pill-boxes. "Look here! I've found that court plaster I wanted day before yesterday!" and more than gratified with his find Mr. Spoopendyke utterly forgot the original object of his search.

"You'll send baby to a good school, and see that she marries happily, dear?" groaned Mrs. Spoopendyke, adapting a woman's style of hinting that the ginger would be acceptable. "And you'll bury me by mother?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. Spoopendyke, immersed in the contemplation of the court plaster. "Where's the sheet of flesh color that was here?" he demanded. "I don't seem to detect the presence of that particular element of adhesiveness! Where's the flesh colored portion of this curative?" and Mr. Spoopendyke ran over the little squares again in a vain search for the piece he missed.

"Did you look in the wardrobe, love?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, faintly.

"It isn't here!" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, raking over the contents of the drawer and turning them over with his feet. "What—? Upon my word! you're a pretty woman! I thought you said that old razor strop of mine was lost when we moved. Here it is as big as life and twice as dirty. Glad I found that strap," mumbled Mr. Spoopendyke, rubbing it tenderly and blowing off the dust. "Got a piece of cloth?"

"Oh, do look in the pantry!" pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'm sure it's in the pantry!"

Mr. Spoopendyke charged on the pantry like a column of horse and hustled around and bumped his head, but didn't seem to meet with much success.

"I don't see any," he muttered. "Don't you know where you keep your cloth? I 'spose I might stand round here till doomsday, while moths corrode and thieves do break into this razor strop and steal the whole business without finding a piece of cloth to wipe it on. Haven't ye got an old skirt or something?" And Mr Spoopendyke drew the strap under his arm two or three times and regarded it affectionately.

"Oh, please find the ginger!" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke, as another spasm caught her. "Never mind your old strap! Find the ginger!"

"Ain't I looking for it?" retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Here's a cork, and the bottle can't be far off When I find that bottle I'll have a clew to the ginger, and I'm going to follow it to the bitter end. You ought to save these corks anyway, when I go fishing What kind of a looking bottle was it?"

"It was long and narrow," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, almost in despair.

"I ought to find it from that description," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke. "Most bottles are perfectly round Here's the arnica bottle upside down, and I told you to keep it filled. I might knock my arm into the next Presbyterian general assembly, and I'd have to wait all day before I could get a drop of arnica to soothe my anguish! What's this straw hat of mine doing in the bottle box, anyhow? What particular malady did this hat have that suggested such a disposition of it?" and Mr. Spoopendyke smoothed out the crown and squinted with one eye while he straightened the brim. "That's a good hat yet," and he put it on and regarded himself in the glass. "You wanted some ginger, didn't you? Where is it? Where'd you put it?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke arose from the bed, pale but firm, and stalking across the room seized the bottle and flounced back into the bed with a bump that showed she was mad. There is nothing on earth that will so express a woman's wrath as that one dive among the sheets.

"Getting better, ain't ye?" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I told ye the cholera morbus didn't last long. Where's that razor strop? What'd ye do with a t strap?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke eyed him, but made no response.

"Point out to me the present address of that strap!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke. "Take this finger and lay it tenderly on the home and country of that strap!" and Mr. Spoopendyke whirled around like a grindstone and filled the air with bottles and boxes, and powders and pills. "Come out of the jungle and face me!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke apostrophizing the strap which he remembered having in his hand but a moment before. "Show me to the strap! Take that strap by the ear and lead it before Spoopendyke in proper person!" and the enraged gentleman thrust his foot through the crown of his hat and drew the wreck up to his hip.

"What's that sticking out of your breast pocket?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, scraping off external applications of an assortment of drugs.

"Umph!" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke, drawing out the strap. "Found it, didn't ye? Another time you let things alone, will ye? Made me spoil my straw hat with your nonsense! Another time you want anything you just stand back and let me search! Y' understand?"

"Yes, dear," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, and as her husband left the room she took a consoling swig at the ginger bottle and reflected that he hadn't enjoyed the attack of cholera morbus much more than she had.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

Edward Barr, of Missouri, was at the head of the late graduating class at West Point, with an average of 1 934.5 out of a possible 2,000. The father of young Barr, who has thus graduated with such distinguished honor, said to his son, some three years since, that if he would graduate with distinction he would make him a present of $10,000. The incentive had its effect, and young Barr starts out in life with educated brains and a plethoric pocket.

James L. Loring, a civil engineer, suggests that tornadoes be fought with cannon. He says: "It would be cheaper to put an iron cannon in every town in Iowa than it will be to pay the losses of Saturday. If one of these clouds were seen forming near a town the cannon would tell the news to the next town, and the concussion of the air from a succession of firing certainly ought to effect the same result in Iowa that it does on the equator."

A Senate resolution calling for information about pensions has brought out some interesting facts. There were close upon 270,000 pensioners on the roll last September, when the annual statistics were made up. But about twelve thousand pensions had lapsed through not being called for during three successive years, and five thousand were those of sailors whose residences were not known. The actual number paid was 252 351, the amount being $51,224,204. New York State heads the list. To her 32 024 pensioners the annual sum of $3,426,532 was given, but arrears brought the amount up to $6,510 411. Pennsylvania's 28,292 pensioners required $5 746 802, and Ohio's 24 663 had $4 941 520 More than two million dollars each went to Indiana, Iowa, Maine, Massachusetts and Michigan; more than one million each to Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri and New Jersey The Third Congress district of Maine surpassed all others in the amount it received.

The importance of agriculture as a factor in our national prosperity can best be appreciated by visiting New York city and observing the steamers and ships from all quarters of the globe loading with products of American soil. In a single week, recently, upward of $6,000,000 worth of agricultural products were shipped abroad from New York alone. Among the exports of that week were 2,126 barrels apples, 1,647 pounds beeswax, 84,202 barrels wheat flour, 1,391 barrels corn meal, 481,252 bushels wheat, 2,652 bushels oats, 46 bushels barley, 2,023 bushels peas, 427 241 bushels corn, 13,537 bales cotton, 462 bales hay, 492 bales hops, 10,967 gallons lard oil, 1,082 gallons linseed oil, 3 993 barrels pork, 804 barrels beef, 1,060 tierces beef, 5,548,291 pounds cut meats, 74,444 pounds butter, 675,151 pounds cheese, 3,854 680 pounds lard, 88 barrels rice, 577,620 pounds tallow, 439 hogsheads tobacco, 1,226 packages tobacco and 49,887 pounds manufactured tobacco.

Although the sanguine De Lesseps makes frequent announcements that the Panama canal enterprise is in a most flourishing condition, unprejudiced observers who have been over the route take a very different view. Captain Belknap, of the United States navy, who crossed the Isthmus a few weeks ago, reports that $200,000 has been paid for a hotel to serve as offices, and $30,000 more in fitting it up; that another $200,000 has been expended in buying buildings and grounds for hospital use, and that houses have been built for the officials, but that the only real work yet done toward the construction of the water-way consists in the clearing away of shrubs and trees from the track. Captain Belknap found that intelligent residents of the Isthmus region believed the project feasible, but they agree in the opinion that it would take a great deal more time than the enthusiastic engineer calculates upon. The captain's conclusion that people familiar with the Isthmus, and expecting returns for capital invested, will not be likely to put money in such an enterprise will only strengthen the disinclination of Americans to take stock in the scheme as now conducted.

Professor Reese, of Philadelphia, has made an important discovery touching the effects of drowning upon the human lungs. In an autopsy of the body of a woman, found drowned, it is reported that he found no water in the lungs, nor any evidence of water having been there, nor was any found in the stomach. It is also said that the dead body bore no marks of abuse and violence, and there was nothing found in the œsophagus to indicate that water had crossed the woman's lips. As the body was taken from the river near the wharf it is presumed that the woman jumped overboard, which leads Dr Reese to infer that persons plunging into the water, especially from an eminence, can come to death from suffocation or shock without taking water inwardly. It is well known by bringing together the posterior arches of the palate and pressing the root of the tongue against the palate both the mouth and the nostrils are completely cut off from the air tubes, as is done in holding the breath. It is quite conceivable that the shock caused by sudden immersion in water under a temperature of sixty-five degrees might induce this movement, and also cause a muscular contraction of lungs and air tubes, precluding the passage of water into the lungs of a person while drowning. The case investigated by Professor Reese is of great interest to the medico-legal experts, and the correctness of his conclusions will be tested by other examination of the bodies of drowned persons.

It is quite generally known that Scotland and Ireland with their potatoes and Germany and Italy with their beans have been most prolific in their contributions to this country's drought-shortened supplies since last fall, but it is not so generally known that Egypt, or properly speaking the Levant, has begun to furnish us in abundance with that useful garden product, the onion. Of this valuable bulb, which is so inseparable from the dressing of a dainty canvas-back duck or the ingredients of a popular Irish stew, there have recently been imported into this country from Egypt 10,000 barrels. After the domestic crop has been consumed by winter use or exported it has long been the custom to import large quantities of onions from the sunny gardens of Bermuda, Lisbon and Oporto but the Levant was never before called upon. The cultivation of onions on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean extending from the western part of Greece around to the western border of Egypt is reported as a great industry It has been computed that the last crop there was over 200 000 tons. It is asserted that Levant onions keep better and longer than those grown in any other part of the world. This is an important feature, for many onions are needed in ships' supplies for long voyages on account of their excellence in preventing scurvy and other diseases incident to life on shipboard In this country it is remarked that the consumption increases yearly. This is due not only to the enormous increase of the foreign elements, who always use vegetables freely, but also to the enlarged use in populous cities of the coarse parts of meats, in the preparation of which the onion figures prominently.

General Skobeleff's Career.

The late General Michael Skobeleff was probably the most popular man in Russia and the most picturesque soldier in Europe. In peace he excelled the swells of the kingdom in his fondness for the luxuries of dress and the daintiness of his tastes In war he was the embodiment of bravery and the personification of reckless fury. Clad in a white uniform that glittered with gold braid, and mounted on a white horse, he led his men to victories snatched out of the very gulfs of death, and it was said of those he commanded that they idolized him, and seemed to prefer death at the heels of his horse to victory under any other commander. He was of soldierly carriage and fine physique, black-eyed brown-haired and full-bearded. He came of a race of soldiers. His grandfather, rather and himself were all generals and chevaliers of St. George, and valor got each one his title and honors. Michael was the youngest Russian general. He was graduated from the Military Academy in St. Petersburg in 1868, and, without serving in the Guards, he at once pitched into battle in Turkestan at the head of a corps of Cossacks. He was then twenty-five years old. He remained in Turkestan until 1871, and went thence to the Caucasus on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael. Later he commanded a battalion of the Seventy-fourth regiment of the line, and in 1873 he was transferred to Khiva, where the czar was fighting the khan. When the formality of military discipline hampered him in this campaign, he deliberately disobeyed orders and at the same time gave evidence of his genius as a soldier. In the same campaign, in order to finish and deliver his report to General Kaufman, he and MacGahan, the famous war correspondent, remained in the palace of the khan when it seemed madness to tarry there. For this and a reconnoissance in disguise to the Turcoman dessert he was given the cross of St. George of the fourth class. When Don Carlos was fighting for the throne of Spain Skobeleff joined his staff avowedly to study war out of Russia, but probably because he could not keep away from war.

As a cavalry commander he fought in Turkestan, and here, at night, with 150 men he dashed into the main camp of the enemy, who, imagining the Russian army upon them, fled without taking even their turbans. Not one of Skobeleff's men was killed or wounded. Temporarily left in command he stormed and took the city of Namanyah, which had revolted. For this though he was but thirty-two years old, he was made a major-general. In the second war with Khokland he compelled the khan to surrender, and when that country was annexed was made its governor and given the third class cross of St George His next brilliant feat was in the Russo-Turkish war. He had been on the staff of the Grand Duke Michael, been transferred to the staff of his father, a lieutenant-general, and his father's command being broken up, he found himself out of employment where the fighting was heaviest. He remained in the army as a volunteer, and sent his name ringing through Russia by crossing the Danube on horseback, sword in hand, at the head of a few men, and driving the Turks from their positions overlooking Sistowa. Again, almost in the next dispatches, he was reported at the siege of Plevna, at the head of a whirlwind of cavalrymen, actually penetrating the fortifications. But the infantry upon whom he relied failed, and Skobeleff had to retire. In the second battle of Plevna he captured two redoubts, and, after defending them for twenty four hours against the incessant hail of lead from a vastly superior force, he was forced back, still fighting like a bulldog. He lost 8,000 out of 12,000 men, had seven horses shot from under him, and when the last had gone led the way into the redoubt on foot, waving his diamond-hilted sword.

His greatest military feat was, when, with 20,000 men, he stormed and took Lovtscha in Bulgaria, and won a strategical point behind Osman Pasha's army. The war was not half over when he was made lieutenant-general and commander of the Sixteenth division. When Radetzky and Prince Mersky had both been repulsed by Vessel Pasha at Shenova, Skobeleff made the Pasha surrender. At the czar's order he entered Adrianople. With his already famous command he was long before Constantinople, and finally had charge of all the Russian forces retiring from Turkey.

Since the war the world outside Russia heard but little of him, though two-thirds of his countrymen worshiped him as the foremost champion of Panslavist theories. Love for him was said to be one of the few things in which the country and the czar were wholly in accord. Last February his soldierly bluntness gave him world-wide prominence. It was at a dinner of Servian students in Paris that he declared a struggle between the Slavs and Teutons inevitable. He said it would be long and bloody, but the Slavs would conquer. He had the world for his hearers, and Europe waited anxiously for an explanation. Skobeleff disavowed any desire to make trouble, or any authority to speak as he did, and the czar reprovèd him with signal mildness, and sent him to Turkestan for a time. He was thirty-nine years old.

To some men popularity is always suspicious Enjoying none themselves they are prone to suspect the validity of those attainments which command it.

HEALTH HINTS.

Bread made with sea water is recommended for patients suffering from dyspepsia and scrofula.

One of the most important bodily needs is food for the nerves Build up nerve energy and you have the greatest resisting power against disease. Wheat, milk and peas are good nerve sustaining foods.

Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise or labor of any description: those who do it will be able to perform more work and with greater ease than those who work an hour or two before breakfast.

Brainworkers are peculiarly liable to suffer from the distressing affection of sleeplessness; here is a cure which almost fastens acts like a charm: Wet, half a towel, apply to the back of the brain and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent too rapid evaporation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer and sweeter sleep than any narcotic.

Dr. Foote says in his *Health Monthly:* In one of our city hospitals a case of obstinate malarial fever was treated with all the medicines (one after another) usually employed in such cases, without success; but a cure was effected by taking the patient to an upper floor. All houses in malarial districts should have an "upper floor" for refuge.

For Sunburn.—Bruise and then squeeze out the juice from the stalks and leaves of the common chickweed, and add to it three times as much rain water. Bathe the skin with this for a few minutes morning, noon and night and wash it off with pure water. Elder flowers can be simi arly treated and applied, or they can be steeped in milk and the face and hands washed in it. Sour cream applied at night and washed off in the morning will allay smarting sunburn.

A Miner's Luck.

Mr. Richard Knowles, a prominent miner of the Gunnison country, in Colorado, said to a reporter: "While I was yet at Leadville a man came up there from Denver named Dexter—Jim Dexter they called him and he was full of life and hope, and had some money. Dexter looked about him for a while, and finally bought a claim on Carbonate Hill, which had, at that time, not been prospected very well. He paid, I think, about $15,000 for it, and set to work putting in machinery and sinking the shaft, which was already down some 100 feet or more. He worked away on the mine, people laughing at him a good deal, but he never once lost heart. The mine had not shown up a single thing in the way of mineral, and the shaft had been sunk by that time several hundred feet. Dexter did not know what to do. He had now spent nearly all the money he had, and nothing was coming in. One day in the early part of the year 1879 a party came to him and asked him what he would take for his mine. Dexter told him, and a bargain was made between them The price paid was, I think, $30,000, some $5 000 more than Dexter had spent on it altogether He was mighty glad to get the $30,000, and thought himself well out of a bad bargain. He rushed out to Carbonate hill and ordered the miners to drop their tools and quit work. This was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. He said: 'Boys, I have sold this hole, and I don't want you to work another minute in it for me. I will say you off right now and you can quit.' Well, the miners had just discovered a drift and were going to put on a blast and uncover some rock and they asked to be allowed to finish it before they quit work. 'No,' said Dexter, 'come out, I don't want you to work another minute; there is nothing in the old hole.' They reluctantly quitted and departed Dexter got his money and was happy.

Well, the mine had been bought by a stock company, and in a short time they began work on it. Now, young man, what I am going to tell you is the solemn truth,' said the miner. "Those fellows went up there to that mine and laid a fuse to the blast left by Dexter's men and touched it off After the smoke cleared away they went in to see how much rock had been loosened, when what do you think? There before their eyes they saw the richest body of silver ore which has ever been seen since the world began At that time hundreds of thousands of dollars met the gaze of the delighted owners of the richest kind of ore. Well, young fellow," continued Mr. Knowles, "that mine was the celebrated Robt. E Lee, which has made everybody rich who has had anything to do with it since Jimmy Dexter sold it. Millions of dollars have been turned out of it, and it is the greatest silver mine in the world."

"Cranks" in New York.

A New York correspondent avers that "two of the prominent citizens of New York are now generally known to be insane—not hopelessly, perhaps, but positively. One is a lawyer whose services are so much in demand that he has been paid a $50,000 fee within a year for pleas in court since his reason went astray. He holds a prominent public office. The other is a bank president and a most capable financier. He has not walked a block in the street for six years, for he imagines that he is a cherry and if he is exposed the birds will eat him! In this delusion he is immovable and accordingly he always rides to and from the bank in a close carriage, and never exposes himself out of doors. On all other matters he is perfectly sane, and his counsel is taken in the investment of millions on millions. To a visitor from the "provinces," it must seem as if a good many New Yorkers are insane. Nowhere have I ever seen so many people who indulged in that curious habit known as talking to themselves." About every tenth person you meet on the down-town sidewalks practices this self-communion. Every hour of every day you will notice men go hurrying by, looking neither to the right nor left, talking in excited tones and gesticulating violently. I have seen men in an omnibus carrying on a lively dialogue with themselves, and laughing vociferously at the "hits" made, as unconscious of the presence of others as if they were alone in the moon. The same queer phenomena are frequently seen in glimpses through carriage doors—men with faces all aglow, swinging their arms and exclaiming in loud voices—driving a sharp bargain with a wholesaler, maybe, or wildly and hopefully bidding for the stocks that are to go up ten per cent. to-morrow."

Time's Cure.

Mourn, Oh rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying.
Each one some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, Oh grieving heart,
The hours fly fast,
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the East
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past;
Rejoice, then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Household hints—Pokers and broom sticks.

"Ida:" The best thing to do continues to be a-in the past—a nice face.

Woman's inhumanity to woman is counterbalanced by her insane devotion to masculinity.

It didn't require much of a philosopher to discover that all rich widows are handsome.

An exchange thinks that Pittsburgh will never make a success of glass shingles. There is no chance for carpenters to waste nails.

A New York doctor says there is an unusual amount of ozone in the atmosphere this year, but that's no excuse for a man to steal a fellow's umbrella.

"What have you been doing since I last saw you?" "I've been attending a course of free lectures." "A course of free lectures!" "Yes, I was married a week after we parted."

A woman has suggested that when a man breaks his heart it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws, another sprouting immediately and growing in its place.

"Yes," said Fogg, "I used to believe everything; was the most credulous fellow alive. But," he added, "since I have had this confounded sore throat, it is hard for me to swallow anything."

They were talking about beauty, the other evening, when Miss S. remarked: "Well, say what you will, homely people are almost always unusually bright." Miss B. (sotto voce): "The egotist!"

Swords.

The first weapon used by man was probably a club; and it is also likely that in time this was made of very hard wood, and somewhat sharpened on one or more sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound. Wooden weapons of this kind are now in use by some savage races. Then it was found that more effective weapons of the sort could be made of a harder substance, and short, unwieldy swords were hewn out of stone very much as our Indians made their arrow-heads of flint. But a sword of this kind although a terrible weapon in the hands of a strong man, was brittle and apt to break; and so in time, when the use and value of metals came to be understood, swords were made of these substances The early Romans and some other nations had strong, heavy swords made of bronze But when iron and steel came into use it was quickly perceived that these were the metals of which offensive weapons should be made.

By careful study of the form and use of the sword, from its first invention to the present time one may get a good idea of the manner in which various ages of military persecution were carried on. At first men fought at close quarters like the Greeks and Romans of old. But as soon as gunpowder and firearms improved, and as civilization and enlightenment progressed men seemed anxious to get farther and farther away from one another when they fought and so the sword gradually became longer and longer, until in the middle ages, a man's sword was sometimes as long as himself.

But there is a limit

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1882.

[Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS FOR 1882.

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

$1.50 A YEAR.

The PRESS entered its thirtieth (30th) volume on January 1st, 1882.

Now is the time to subscribe. It will be our endeavor to make the PRESS more interesting and entertaining than ever.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Election November 7th.

REPRESENTATIVE-AT-LARGE:
RISDEN T. BENNETT,
of Anson County.

SUPREME COURT JUDGE:
THOMAS RUFFIN,
of Orange Co.

SUPERIOR COURT JUDGES:
First District—JAMES E. SHEPPERD.
Second District—FRED. PHILLIPS.
Third District—ALLMAND A. MCKOY.
Fourth District—JAMES C. MCRAE.
Fifth District—JOHN A. GILMER.
Sixth District—WILLIAM M. SHIPP.

Democratic County Convention.

The Democratic party of Forsyth County are hereby called to meet in Convention at the Court-House, in Winston, on Tuesday, 15th day of August, 1882, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the House of Commons and County Officers. A full attendance is earnestly requested.

By order of Executive Committe.
M. W. NORFLEET, Ch'm.

—Senator Hill's case is hopeless, and he is said to be near his end.

—Godey's Lady's Book for August received. A new volume commences with this number, and every article is complete.

— The national interest-bearing debt was reduced during the fiscal year ending June 30, $175,757,350, which reduces the annual interest from $75,000,000 to $57,000,000.

—We call attention to the advertisement of the University of North Carolina in this issue. The authorities of this venerable institution are laboring to place it alongside the best in the land. Parents and guardians are invited to examine its claims.

State Fair.

We have received a neat pamphlet from W. B. Gulick, Secretary of the State Fair, which will be held at Raleigh, commencing the 16th of October. There are 1345 premiums offered, as follows: field and garden crops, 157; live stock, 116; poultry, 128; orchard products, 171; pantry supplies, 161; manufactures, 119; mercantile displays, 46; ladies' work, 275; fine arts, 71; machiney, 74; speed trials, 27.

Among the items we notice that Messrs. F. & H. Fries will get up a Forsyth County display for the Fair and in their hands it will be a success. Parties having fine specimens of wheat, oats, barley and rye, in sheaf, will confer a great favor by bringing them to Messrs. Fries at once. Also any other products of the farm will be gladly received. We will allude to this matter again. In the meantime we urge our people to assist Messrs. Fries in this most laudable enterprise.

—The Book of the Campaign. A new political novel from the Anti-Radical standpoint. We have now in press, and will shortly issue, "Monon Ou, or Well-nigh Reconstructed;" a political novel, by Brinsley Matthews, Esq., of the Southern bar, the *nom de plume* of a gentleman well known in his State; but who has not hitherto appeared as a writer of fiction.

This presentation of the other side of the question from that given in Judge Tourgee's Fool's Errand has called forth the applause of distinguished critics to whom the book was submitted before and during its passage through the press.

Unmarked by hatred to the North the book shows the current of Southern thought while the carpet bag continued to be the sign of thrift.

Price in cloth, $1.25, paper, $1.00. Orders from the trade solicited. Liberal discount given. Address E. J. Hale & Son, publishers, 55 Chambers Street, New York.

—The following are the appropriations to North Carolina under the River and Harbor Improvement bill: Cape Fear River from the ocean to Wilmington, $225,000. Cape Fear River, from Wilmington to Fayetteville, $30,000. Contentnea Creek, $10,000. Yadkin River, $25,000. Improving Currituck Sound and North River bar, $20,000. Beaufort harbor, continuing improvement, $30,000. French Broad River, from Smith's bridge up, $5,000. New River, $5,000. Lillington River, $3,000. Meherin River, $5,000. Neuse River, $35,000. Roanake River, $5,000. Pamlico and Tar Rivers, $10,000. Trent River, $10,000.—*Charlotte Observer.*

The Fruit Fair.

The Committee having the matter in charge desire to announce to the public that all articles intended for exhibition at the approaching Fruit Fair, to be held at Greensboro, Aug. 9th and 10th, will be carried by the Railroads at the same rate as to the State Fair, except fruits, which will be charged one-half rates.

It is hoped there will be a full exhibit of fruits, and anything relating to fruits, from this section of the State. The Association will pay liberal premiums, besides several special premiums offered by individual members.

The chief reason, however, why all who can should attend the Fair, is the opportunity it will afford of seeing what fruits are best adapted to the various sections of the State, and what varieties it is most advisable to grow for shipment, or other purposes. In fact, to learn a great deal about fruits and fruit growing. Interesting addresses will be made on these subjects.

This has been a particularly favorable season for shipping peaches, and many new varieties have been fully tested this year. Therefore all who contemplate extending their orchards, or setting out new ones, will do well to embrace this opportunity of learning what will be best to plant.

The fare will be 1½ cents per mile each way.

The shipping season will be about over;—many of you have sold your early fruit for good prices, and now let us all go to Greensboro next week, and see what a fine collection will be brought together from the different sections of the State.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.

Express Charges for the Fruit Fair.

Dr. Benbow has written the following letter to the Secretary of the Fruit Fair Association:

GREENSBORO, July 31, 1882.

S. Otho Wilson, Secretary:

I respectfully report that the Southern Express Company has offered to bring fruit to our Fair at the following rates: From stations on the Wilmington & Weldon, Raleigh & Gaston, and Western North Carolina roads at 40 cents per 100 pounds, and all the stations on the Richmond and Danville, North Carolina and Salem branch at 25 cents per 100 pounds. All fruits must be prepaid and to care of the Fruit Growers Association.

We would publicly thank the generous officers of the Southern Express Company for their liberality in their efforts to aid the exhibition, for the rates are below cost.

D. W. C. BENBOW.

The Three English Parliamentary Parties.

The London *Echo*, a liberal paper, points out that there are now three parties in the House of Commons. These are the government party, the conservative party and the Irish party. Taking the views of the three parties in respect to Irish affairs, the *Echo* describes the government party as anxious to do justice to Ireland by remedial measures in respect to the tenantry, accompanied by strong measures to overawe the disaffected; the Irish party as supporting the government in its remedial measures, but opposing those that are coercive, and the conservative party defending the cause of the landlords against the tenants, but supporting the government in repressing lawlessness with a strong hand. The definition of the views and purposes of the three parliamentary bodies is, in the main, just. It is true that the government party is carrying the olive branch in the one hand and the sword in the other, and that the Irish party is willing to accept the olive branch but denounces the sword. But it is also true that it accepts all that it can get in the way of substantial amelioration of tenant right, with prospective proprietorship, it simply takes these as installments of a demand that v ill not be satisfied with less than legislative independence. The Irish heart is hopeful as well as aggressive, and patriotic Irishmen believe that "to that complexion it will come at last." The conservative party that defends the interests of property and opposes the concessions to Ireland, because it fears that the next step will be to demand similar concessions for the tenant farmers of England.

—Tennessee, Virginia and North Carolina are the States upon which the country chiefly depends for its peanuts. Ten years ago Tennessee virtually controlled the domestic supply, but since 1873 Virginia and North Carolina have become extensive producers. The number of bushels marketed during the last decade was over 8,000,000, and last year's crop yielded 2,200,000 bushels. The most delicate and palatable nut is the Spanish peanut, which formerly brought from 7 to 10 cents a pound. Four years ago Virginia planters tried the cultivation of this species, and with so much success that they now produce a nut said to be superior to the imported product and which can be bought for 2 or 3 cents less per pound. Persons in the trade report that the present acreage is very large, and anticipate that the season commencing next October will yield more peanuts than were ever produced before.

—A wholesale persecution of the gentiles in Utah has been inaugurated, and arrangements have been made for testing the constitutionality of the Edmunds' act in the Supreme Court of the United States. If the decision should be adverse the Mormons have determined not to submit at any cost. The polygamists from President John Taylor down, with the apostles, bishops and elders in the most extreme part of their domain have separated from their wives and are living openly with one only. All polygamists have under orders resigned all municipal offices, and monogamists, as strong in the faith as those deposed, have been selected and commissioned in their places. Every effort will be made to beat the government on all the sections of the Edmunds act.

STATE NEWS.

—The Friends, or Quakers, have raised $22,000 toward the erection of a new college at New Garden.

—Professor A. B. Bredow, who died at High Point a few days ago, was a member of the Berlin Royal Academy of Art and Science and a Knight of the Iron Cross.

—A Jones county man recently sold $30,000 worth of trees. The only work he has to do is to count the stumps after the trees are cut. This is the largest sale of timber ever made in the South.

—The mails now go to and from Chapel Hill regularly by the University Railroad, thanks to the persistence of General Wm. R. Cox. The telegraph office is likewise open for busines. Two wires run out to the "Hill," so that it is part of the main line.

—Our friend, Col. J. R. Winston, informs us that his last year's lambs —a cross between Southdowns and his fine Merino and Cotswold buck, —averaged about 10 pounds of wool to the sheep. One weighed 11¾ lbs. This is regarded as an extraordinary yield. — *Milton Chronicle.*

—The week beginning August 7, 1882, will be a remarkable one in the history of Greensboro. The first State Fruit Fair will be held here on the 9th and 10th; the Democratic Congressional Convention will meet on the 9th; the stockholders of the Greensboro Female College will hold their first meeting and organize on the 10th; the stockholders of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley Railroad will meet on the 11th.

—The other day Mr. Cyrus M. Kerr bought a wagon load of potatoes from Mr. O'Connor, by weight. The wagon was driven on the hay scales of Mr. M. T. Hughes and weighed and there was found to be 1,300 pounds potatoes, for which was paid one cent a pound. This is estimated to be 60 cents a bushel, and is much the best way to buy or sell; but, we would like to know if any person in the State ever bought a load of potatoes by weight before. —*Greensboro Bugle.*

—There passed through town this morning a gay and frolicsome party of six young girls *en route* to the mountains. They were all robust, good-looking, full of life and energy, and bent on a frolic. Dressed in uniform style of walking habit, slightly shorter even than the prevailing fashion, made of excellent and durable linen, plain but pretty hats, easy shoes with high ankles for dust, they were the personification of comfort. Each bore a knapsack upon her back, soldier style, and was armed with a revolver and large bowie-knife. Their trip takes in nearly all the mountain counties. Some nights they camp out, and others they pass at hotels, as humor or convenience may happen. With no baggage or equipments, except what each carries upon her person, this might be called another charge of the Light Brigade. Three of them are Marylanders and three are Virginians.—*Greensboro Patriot.*

—On Friday of week before last a party of ladies and gentlemen left Blowing Rock for a trip of seven miles down the turnpike to Col. W. W. Lenoir's celebrated "Stonewall" Mills, on Watauga river, bent upon devoting the day to fishing for speckled trout. The party was composed as follows: Miss Carrie Patterson, Salem, and Mr. W. H. Neal, Charlotte; Miss Lula Fries, Salem, and Mr. George Finley, Wilkesboro; Mrs. Trantham, Salisbury, and W. W. Scott, Jr., Lenoir; Mrs. King, Norfolk, and Mr. Fred Hill, Hickory; Miss Susie Baker, Hickory; Miss Sallie Johnston, Elizabeth City; Miss Kate Cheshire, Tarboro; Miss Pick Sigourney, Norfolk: Mev. Jos. Blount Cheshire, Jr., Charlotte; and Mr. L. W. Estes, Blowing Rock. The journey to and from the river was not one of the least pleasant features of the occasion. The drive was splendid, over a level road, even across the very summit of the Blue Ridge; the distant mountains, the nearer valleys, the roadside luxuriant with fresh foliage, flowers and rare plants, the sources of many great rivers of the South emerging in tiny trickles from the mountain sides—all combined afforded scenery sublime, beautiful and diversified. Arrived at the mills the party dined *al fresco* and did justice to Mrs. Morris' cookery. The rest of the evening was spent as was meet for the disciples of Isaac Walton, in the noble art of angling,—&c. After spending the day in a way greatly enjoyed by every one, the party returned to Blowing Rock in the gloaming, not failing to make excursions to some of the numerous points of interest on the way. We visited Raven's Rock, a wild cliff facing the sunset and overlooking what was once the roosting place of countless ravens. From this rock the setting sun bathes the old Grandfather with the last and softest of his rays and produces an effect which can be more easily depicted on canvass than portrayed with the pen.—*Lenoir Topic.*

THE LEAKSVILLE MILLS.—Really the biggest man in the State is not the Governor nor the Senator nor the member of Congress, but the man who like Major Turner Morehead, at Leaksville, is doing more to develop the industrial and mechanical resources of the country than all the politicians and demagogues between here and Washington City. And yet, though the son of the most useful and practical Governor North Carolina ever had, he shrinks from all mention of prominent political place, and is best content after every hard day's work to sleep by the roar of the waters as they tell of the labors they have done. A Richmond or Atlanta or New York man would be surprised at the work turned out by these woolen and cotton mills. Why did you know that they dye silk dresses beautifully by machinery? Dye anything in the world you wish. Capt. Ford, who made Surry county a capital representative in the Legislature a few winters back, is in charge of the dyeing establishment; the dryer, that is run by steam, cost five hundred dollars. All kinds of knitting threads are dyed in the different colors, and we saw the all-wool blankets which are made at the mill, splendid fellows they are too, which you can get at the mill for five dollars, costing ten at the North; we saw one of these so beautifully dyed in purple and the nap picked out by machinery they have for the purpose, to make it soft, that it could not be told from a Turkish satin blanket. We saw 500 pounds of unwashed wool from Joe Scales' merino and Southdown sheep. Capt. Ford said they paid $125 for it; he preferred the wool on a cross of the two to the genuine of either. The two spinning jacks in the woolen factory for drawing out and making the different size threads on the principle of an old woman crossing over to the spinning wheel are wonderful types of spinning machinery it is worth a trip to Leaksville to see them operate. They also manufacture cotton blankets, all cotton, that are very popular with the trade —the very thing for these nights— and they ship a great many. They also turn out the neatest cassimeres and flannels and all kinds of woolen goods. It is the finest water power in the State. Major Morehead is now contemplating a wood pulp factory.—*Reidsville Times.*

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

—The Japanese of Tokio have now the luxury of street horse cars.

—Grayson, Ky., is to have one of the largest tobacco warehouses in the South.

—During the present season 360,000 pineapples have been shipped from Key Largo, Fla.

—An infant was left by itself in a field near Meriwether, Ga., and when found was nearly eaten up by rats.

—Joe Craig, the Bourbon, Ky., giant, is 31 years old, six feet ten inches high, and weighs 290 pounds.

—It is estimated that Colin county, Texas, will harvest 1,000,000 bushels of wheat from this season's crops.

—The first bale of new Georgia cotton was received at Albany, Ga., July 11, and sold for 20 cents per pound.

—Near Haynesville, Ala., a girl four years old tied a rope about a baby's neck, pulled it about the yard and beat it to death.

—An English gentleman recently rode his bicycle from Land's End to John O'Groat's house, a distance of 994 miles, in 13 days.

—Granny Summerall, of Hillsboro county, Fla., is 111 years old. Her oldest son, aged 92, and youngest son, aged 72, are living.

—Amherst College, Mass., received last year $270,000 additions to its funds, the largest amount contributed to it in any one year

—It is said that President Arthur is likely to suggest to Congress that the river and harbor bill be scaled down each item fifty per cent.

—Nervousness, peevishness, and fretting, so often connected with overworked females' lives, is rapidly relieved by Brown's Iron Bitters.

—It is understood that the Roane Iron Company, of Chattanooga, propose to introduce the Bessemer steel making process at their mill.

—Texas is the second largest sheep growing State in the Union. California is the largest, has 4,152,340 head, and Texas has 2,414,887 head.

—When you feel out of sorts, have the blues, melancholy, etc., it must be indigestion that ails you. Brown's Iron Bitters is a cure for it.

—A bottle that will hold fifty gallons was lately blown at the Millville Glass Works, New Jersey. It is the largest ever blown in this country.

—The Buddhists of Japan are translating and circulating Ingersoll's lectures, so as to try and counteract the teachings of the Christian missionaries.

—The crown of the head of the statue of Lord Nelson, at Montreal, Canada, some sixty feet from the ground, was sliced off by lightning on the night of the 28th of July.

—The number of deaths reported in New York up to noon of last Friday for the twenty-four hours was 184. One hundred and twenty were children under five years of age.

—Quite a heavy frost surprised residents of the suburbs of Troy, N. Y., on the 22nd inst. The oldest inhabitant fails to find a similar instance on the 22d of July in past years.

—A party of Chippewa Indians are on their way to Washington to conclude negotiations for the transfer of 3,200,000 acres on their reservation on Red Lake, Minnesota, to the Government.

—It is a proper recognition of the Divine blessing that has moved the people of Georgia to ask Governor Colquitt to appoint a day of thanksgiving in gratitude for their abundant wheat harvest.

—The steamer Mary Powell, of New York, the fastest river steamer in the world, made 100 miles the other day, including stoppages, in four hours and seventeen minutes, or a mile every two minutes and a half.

—In Philadelphia, last Monday, Francis C. Potts committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He was a member of the firm of Sower, Potts & Co., publishers. Ill-health is the only cause assigned for the act.

—Hon. Joseph Brown, one of the Georgia Senators, has given $50,000 to the State University at Athens, in memory of a promising son he lost a year ago, the interest of which is to be applied to the education of poor young men.

—In Egypt the canal system is a big thing. About 900 canals are used in conveying water from the Nile through the country, and it may easily be understood what a flurry is caused by Arabi Bey's interference with them.

—During a terrible storm about three miles from Lcomis, Ill., on the evening of July 28th, two men, Geo. Miller and Hiram W. Hartley, were instantly killed by lightning. One of the men was feeding horses in a barn and the other was pitching hay.

—The nickle trade in the country is controlled by a man named Wharton, in Pennsylvania. He owns the nickle mine in that State whence comes nearly the whole supply, and he had a tariff duty placed on nickle in 1870, which doubled the price for Wharton's benefit.—*Patriot.*

—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue will issue a modified circular respecting distillers' bonds, which will require the collector of each district to furnish a monthly schedule of bondsmen instead of requiring each bondsman to give a list of all his bonds every time he goes upon a new bond.

—A cable dispatch to the New York *Herald* from St. Thomas announces that one of the assassins of Lord Frederick Cavendish has been arrested at Puerto Cabello, and that he has given the names of his accomplices. A cable from London says the foreign office confirms the above dispatch.

—Vennor says: I cannot but think that August will be another month of storms and unusual rainfall, with one or two remarkably low curves of temperature. I expect snow fall will be recorded in extreme Western and North-western sections, and cold rains at more Southerly stations shortly after the middle of the month.

—The Tennessee Cotton Mills at Nashville are now running four hundred looms, employing 325 operatives, and turning out aoout 23,200 yards of cloth per day. The foundations are now being prepared for an addition to the mills, which, when completed, will more than double their capacity, bringing their product up to 50,000 yards per day.

—Northern papers publish the following: A North Carolina physician having repeatedly used the term "scallawag" on the witness stand the other day, was asked by the Judge what he meant by it, and replied, "I mean a man who says that he is no better than a negro, and when he says so tells the truth." That Doctor knows a thing or two.

—During a thunder shower at Medway, Mass., on last Friday afternoon, a woodshed near the house of Patrick Casey, in which several women and children had taken refuge, was struck by lightning, and two of Casey's children, a boy and girl, were killed. Another child was seriously though not fatally injured, and the fourth was slightly affected on one side.

—A train of twenty cars of tea and silk, which left San Francisco July 12th, made the run to Kansas City in six days and six hours, and from Deming to Kansas City, a distance of 1,150 miles, in sixty-six hours. A second train of twenty-nine cars left San Francisco twenty-four hours later and made the same time to Kansas City. This time is believed to be unprecedented.

—The mortality in New York city for the week ending July 29th reached the appalling figures of 1,217. A larger number of deaths has not been recorded in any single week in ten years. Deaths for the day numbered 218. One-third of the victims were infants who succumbed to cholera infantum, due to the heat. Five sunstrokes were reported in Brooklyn on the same day.

—A courier to Lordsburg, N M., from Clifton, reports that a large party of Indians attacked a wagon train, three miles this side of Clifton on the 25th of July, killing two men. The teamsters, seven in number, stood off the Indians for two hours, mortally wounding one, whom they dragged into camp in the face of heavy firing and after the fight was over scalped him and roasted him alive.

—Dr. Samuel W. Francis, of Newport, Rhode Island, reports the successful treatment of an acute case of pneumonia by the inhalation of sulphuric ether. He says that "if seen early, during the first stage, by inhaling ether for thirty minutes every six hours, many severe and protracted cases of sickness would be arrested." Dr. Francis recommended inhalation of sulphuric ether for bronchitis in 1868.

—The situation in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, is said to be almost as terrible as that of Alexandria. Upward of 8,000 homeless and starving persons have gathered in the Esbekizah Place, the principal public promenade. Hundreds have already died of starvation; their bodies remain unburied, and a pestilence appears imminent. Nearly every European has left the city. Anarchy prevails throughout the country.

—The forest fires are again raging fearfully in Michigan, extending from Glendam to within a mile of Tawas City. The farmers are driving their cattle to the lake shore and sending their children to town. On the East Tawas road many of the farmers' fences and much hay and grain are aflame, and three dwellings burned. The loss is very great. Travel is cut off in many directions. Strenuous efforts are being made to save Glendam.

—It will surprise a good many people to be told that there are not more than 250,000 Jews in this country, or one to every two hundred of the population. The common error in regard to their numbers is probably due to the fact that most Jews are engaged in active business, in merchandising or banking, and are established in the principal streets of the great cities, where they are constantly under the public eye.

—The citizens of Arizona and New Mexico are preparing to take the settlement of the Indian question into their own hands. A secret organization is being formed to wipe out the Apaches. New Mexico has already over 600 men and Arizona will furnish more than that number. Globe City and Gila Valley have raised 300 men and other sections are organizing rapidly. The citizens throughout Arizona are praying for the arrival of Gen. Crook.

SEEK

health and avoid sickness. Instead of feeling tired and worn out, instead of aches and pains, wouldn't you rather feel fresh and strong?

You can continue feeling miserable and good for nothing, and no one but yourself can find fault, but if you are tired of that kind of life, you can change it if you choose.

How? By getting one bottle of BROWN' IRON BITTERS, and taking it regularly according to directions.

Mansfield, Ohio, Nov. 26, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I have suffered with pain in my side and back, and great soreness on my breast, with shooting pains all through my body, attended with great weakness, depression of spirits, and loss of appetite. I have taken several different medicines, and was treated by prominent physicians for my liver, kidneys, and spleen, but I got no relief. I thought I would try Brown's Iron Bitters; I have now taken one bottle and a half and am about well—pain in side and back all gone—soreness all out of my breast, and I have a good appetite, and am gaining in strength and flesh. It can justly be called the *king of medicines.*
JOHN K. ALLEBACH.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS IS composed of Iron in soluble form; Cinchona the great tonic, together with other standard remedies, making a remarkable non-alcoholic tonic, which will cure Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Malaria, Weakness, and relieve all Lung and Kidney diseases.

—For bites and stings: Apply instantly, with a soft rag, most freely, spirits of hartshorn. The venom of stings being an acid, the alkali nullifies it. Fresh wood ashes moistened with water and made into a poultice, frequently renewed, is an excellent substitute, or soda or saleratus, all being alkalics. To be on the safe side in cases of snake or mad dog bites, drink brandy, whisky, rum or other spirits as freely as water, a teacupfull or a pint or more, according to the aggravation of the circumstances.

—The following is embraced in a special dispatch from Laerdo, Tex.: Reports have been received from Matamoras that the fever which has been prevalent there, called malarial fever, proves to be a most virulent type of yellow fever. It is rapidly spreading and "black vomit" accompanies it. A dispatch from Austin confirms the news given above and says the State health officer there has notified the New Orleans board of his action, and will picket the Rio Grande with rangers if necessary.

—The production of petroleum for June reached a daily average of 94,000 barrels, of which the new Warren field supplied about 18,000. This is far in excess of any provious figures, but will probably be surpassed for those of July, and these again by those of August. The strenuous efforts made by the Pipe Line Company to take care of the enormous increase of output is shown by the fact that the runs for for June average 95,000 barrels a day. The total stock of petroleum above ground on July 1 was 29,859,952 barrels.

A Beneficent Action.

The miserable looks and feelings of those confined at desks or work tables, are caused by weak Stomach, Kidneys or Bowels. Parker's Ginger Tonic without intoxicating has such a beneficent action on these organs and so cleanses the poisonous matters from the system, that rosy cheeks and good health are soon brought back again.—*Express.*

Don't Waste Money

On trashy extracts when you can buy a lasting perfume so delightfully fragrant and refreshing as Floreston Cologne.

FARMERS

Look! Look!! Look!!!

TO YOUR IVTEREST,

and don't fail to secure

Tate's Improved Little Monitor Grain and Seed Separator,

if you want clean seed and best grade of flour, and compete for the premiums to be awarded at the WHEAT FAIR, Aug. 26th.

Now is your time to make money by investing in one of those valuable machines.

If you have this Mill, you can get No. 1 seed out of your filthiest wheat. It will separate all the different kinds of filth, such as oats, barley, rye, cheat, cockle, smut, wild onions, rat dirt, &c., and give you two grades once running through; first grade all the largest and best matured kernels, for seed; second grade cleaned so that it will make No. 1 flour without running through the smutter, thus you save all your screenings to feed your stock. This point alone will save cost of the Machine in cleaning 300 bushels. You will also save 1 peck per acre in seeding, and make from 3 to 5 bushels more per acre in harvesting, by using the LITTLE MONITOR. You can also clean your clover and grass seed to perfection. Your oats, barley, rye, corn, buck wheat, flax seed, &c.

Don't lose any time, but call and examine the machine for yourselves. If you cannot call, send for illustrated circulars.

Shop on Main street, opposite Big Coffee Pot, Salem, N. C.

Very Respectfully,
W. M. TATE.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 3, 1882.—31-3m.

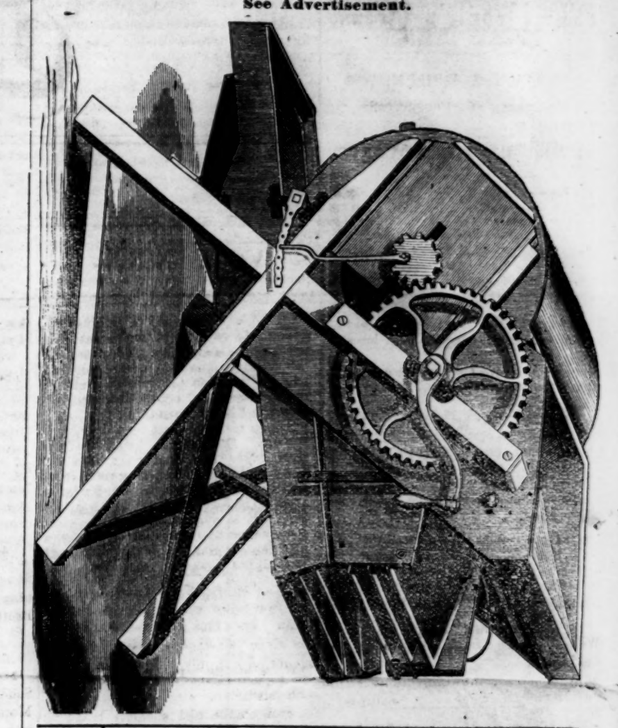
R. B. KERNER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
WINSTON, N.C.

FORK ACADEMY.

FALL SESSION will open August 8th, 1882. Tuition moderate. Good board can be obtained for $7.50 per month.
Address
J. T. ALDERMAN, Principal.
Fork Church. P. O., Davie Co., N. C.

FIVE LOTS IN WINSTON FOR SALE —Two in West Winston, near the residence of W. B. Glenn, and three East of the Court-House, near the residence of Christ. Tavis. All good building lots. Apply early at this office.

TATE'S IMPROVED LITTLE MONITOR
GRAIN AND SEED SEPARATOR.
See Advertisement.

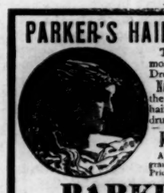


Waughtown Academy,
Male and Female.

FALL SESSION will begin Tuesday August 1st, 1882. Board, $6 to $8 per month. Tuition, $10 to $15 per session of 20 weeks. For further particulars address
W. B. WAFF, Principal,
Salem P. O., N. C.
June 15, 1882.-24-2m.

—Malaria, Chills and Fever, and Bilious attacks positively cured with Emory's Standard Cure Pills—an infallible remedy: never fail to cure the most obstinate, long-standing cases where Quinine and all other remedies had failed. They are prepared expresely for malarious sections, in double boxes, two kinds of Pills, containing a strong cathartic and a chill breaker, sugar-coated; contain no Quinine or Mercury, causing no griping or purging; they are mild and efficient, certain in their action and harmless in all cases; they effectually cleanse the system, and give new life and tone to the body. As a household remedy they are unequaled. For Liver Complaint their equal is not known; one box will have a wonderful effect on the worst case. They are used and prescribed by Physicians, and sold by Druggists everywhere, or sent by mail, 15 and 50 cent boxes. Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, best ever made, only 15 cents. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.



The Best, Cleanest and most Economical Hair Dressing.
Never Fails to Restore the youthful color to grey hair. 50c and $1 sizes at druggists.
Floreston Cologne.
A new and exceedingly fragrant and lasting perfume. Price 25 and 75c.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Pure Family Medicine that Never Intoxicates.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach bowels, blood or nerves you can be cured by PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once: it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives it may save yours.

HISCOX & CO., 163 William St., New York. 50c. and one dollar sizes, at all dealers in medicines.
GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

Summer Complaints

At this season, various diseases of the bowels are prevalent, *and many lives are lost* through lack of knowledge of a safe and sure remedy. PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER is a *sure* cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, etc., and is *perfectly safe.*

Read the following:

BAINBRIDGE, N. Y., March 22, 1881.
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER *never fails to afford instant relief* for cramp and pain in the stomach.
JOSEPH SURDITT.

NICHOLVILLE, N. Y., Feb. 3, 1881.
The very best medicine I know of for dysentery, cholera morbus, and cramps in the stomach. Have used it for years, and it is *sure* cure every time.
JULIUS W. DEE.

MONGONA, IOWA, March 13, 1881.
I have used your PAIN KILLER in severe cases of cramp, colic, and cholera morbus, and it gave almost instant relief.
I. E. CALDWELL.

CARNESVILLE, Ga., Feb. 24, 1881.
For twenty years I have used your PAIN KILLER in my family. Have used it many times for bowel complaints, and it always cures. Would not feel safe without a bottle in the house.
J. H. IVIE.

SAGO, Me., Jan. 22, 1881.
Have used PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER for twelve years. It is *safe, sure, and reliable.* No mother should allow it to be out of the family.
H. I. NAYES.

ONEIDA, N. Y., Feb. 19, 1881.
We began using it over fifty years ago, and it always gives immediate relief. Would hardly dare to go to bed without a bottle in the house.
W. O. STERRY.

CONWAYBORO, S. C., Feb. 26, 1881.
Nearly every family in this section keeps a bottle in the house.
U. S. CONSULATE.

CREFELD, RHENISH PRUSSIA, Feb. 8, 1881.
I have known PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER almost from the day it was introduced, and after years of observation and use I regard its presence in my household as an *indispensable necessity.*
I. S. POTTER, U. S. Consul.

BURTON-ON-TRENT, ENG.
I had been several days suffering severely from diarrhœa, accompanied with intense pain, when I tried your PAIN KILLER, and found almost instant relief.
H. J. NOONE.

21 MONTAGUE ST., LONDON, ENG.
During a residence of twenty-three years in India, I have given it in many cases of diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera, and never knew it to fail to give relief.
R. CLARIDGE.

No family can safely be without this invaluable remedy. Its price brings it within the reach of all.

For sale by all druggists at 25c., 50c, and $1.00 per bottle.

PERRY DAVIS & SON, Proprietors, Providence, R. I.

CEO. E. NISSEN & CO.,
SALEM, N. C.,
WAGON MANUFACTURERS.

Using only the best of materials, we make the best of work, and warrant every job. We have the oldest and largest Wagon Works, and our wagons have the best reputation of any in the State. Every Wagon bears the name "J. P. NISSEN, Salem, P. O., N. C." Write for prices. Refer to all who are using our Wagons.

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

LOOK OUT!

N. T. SHORE & CO.,
SALE N. C.

HAVING carried on the GROCERY BUSINESS for the past 12 months, we announce to the citizens of Salem, Winston and vicinity, and the public generally, that we intend in the future, as in the past, to keep the best stock of

Family Groceries,

ever offered in this market.

Good Coffee at from 15 to 25 cents. Best qualities of Sugar. Good Tea, as cheap as the cheapest. Best Rice, Barley Hominy, Grits and Oatmeal.
Best quality of Spices constantly on hand.
Soda and Lemon Biscuits, and Ginger Snaps, fresh from the bakery. Royal Baking Powders, best in use.

Canned Goods.

Oysters, Sardines, Salmon.

Plain and Fancy Candies.

No. 1 Syrup, as good as the best. No 2 and 5 Syrup and Cuba and New Orleans Molasses. Baker's Chocolate.

CHOICE BACON AND LAR AND GOOD FLOUR AND MEAL
always on hand.

No. 1 Apple Vinegar. White Wine Vinegar Mackerel. Best Kerosene Oil. Candles. Matches. J. & P. Coats' Thread. Cigars. Black Mountain, Durham and Little Joker Smoking Tobacco. Chewing Tobacco, and Snuff, as good as can be found in this market. Soaps and Starch in any quantity.

Crockery, Glassware and Lamp Goods, with many other articles too tedious to mention.

Country Produce

Bought for Cash or Barter.

CALL AND SEE US.

Thanking you for your kind patronage we hope to merit a continuance of the same
N. T. SHORE & CO.,
West side of Public Square, Salem, N. C.
Salem, N. C., May 12, 1881.-18.

IMMENSE NURSERY STOCK.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Apple, Peach, Pear and Cherry Trees, Grape Vines and Strawberry Plants etc,
ever grown at the
CEDAR COVE NURSERIES,
is now offered for fall planting to the fruit planting public.
All the new as well as the old leading sorts of all kinds of hardy fruits are grown there.
Orders early.
Send name and address for catalogue with prices.
Address,
N. W. CRAFT,
Shore, Yadkin County, N. C.
May 25, 1882.-21-9 mo.

DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 2d Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known Institution are regular graduates in medicine and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing Nervousness, Debility, Unnatural Discharges, Diseases of the Blood, Skin or Bones, treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and no hindrance from business.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are broken down from the effects of youthful indiscretion, or the excessive use of tobacco or opium, producing some of the following symptoms, viz: Nervousness, Dizziness, Confusion of Ideas, Pimples on the Face, Aversion to Society, Loss of Memory, Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Seminal Emissions, Impotency, Syphilis, Stricture, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Diseases of the Kidneys and Bladder, are made perfectly well, and the system restored to its original vigor.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express in all parts of the country where possible. Medicines sent by mail or express, securely packed from observation, with full directions for use. Those preferring to write for a symptom blank, which is FREE and invited, can do so. Letters answered by return mail. Persons desiring treatment mailed free to any address or application.

Persons suffering from Explure should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss. Communications strictly confidential, and should be addressed DR. BUTTS, 12 North 6th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Two Three Cent Stamps.—On receipt of two three cent stamps the undersigned will send two sets of four card each, of different designs, suitable for Albums or Card Books.
J. H. GOODWIN,
150 Franklin Street, Baltimore, M. D.

Are a New and positively effective remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Seminal Emissions, Impotency by the early indiscretion of the Patient, Nervousness, Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other diseases that lead to consumption and an early grave. Each Pastille contains the vitalizing principle, and restorative power of the Phosphates, and is the only remedy ever discovered that will restore lost vitality in the shortest time. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists at $1 per box, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists at $1 per box, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Pamphlet free.
HARRIS REMEDY CO., DRUGGISTS, Market and 6th Streets, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Bingham School,
Established in 1793,
MEBANEVILLE, N. C.,
is **PRE-EMINENT** among Southern Boarding Schools for boys, in age, numbers and area of patronage.
The 177th Session will begin (in new buildings,) July 29th, 1882.
For catalogue giving full particulars, Address MAJ. R. BINGHAM, Supt.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Full Moon last Sunday morning.

—Mrs. R. L. Patterson and family are at home.

HORSE for sale. Enquire at this office.

—Misses L. & A. Van Vleck are in Washington City.

—The market is well supplied with melons and peaches.

—Prof. Waff's School at Waughtown, will open on Monday next.

COW and CALF for sale. Enquire at Salem Bookstore.

—The colored folks will ex curt to Charlotte, on the 19th inst.

—Miss Carrie Jones, of this place, takes charge of a school in High Point.

—The heavy dews we are having are said to indicate early frosts this fall.

—Mrs. Pond and family, and Miss May Keehln have returned home from Farmington.

—Westmoreland & McGhee's sleight of hand show returned home last Friday.

—Our friend across the way, Charles Welfare, spent Sunday and Monday in Lexington.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, July 29, 1882: $22,451.21.

—The rainfall of Monday night raised the water courses near town considerably, covering the bottom lands.

—Days perceptibly shorter, 13 hours and 46 minutes length to-day, with 215 days gone and 150 to come this year.

—The Stockholders of the Midland Railroad will meet in Winston on the 24th inst.

—Paul Crutch field is now clerk in the Post Office in place of John H. Shultz, resigned.

—Mrs. Geo. H. Rights and children are visiting A. S. Jones, Mrs. Rights' father, in Yadkin County.

—Water melons are coming in market in great abundance. On Saturday last both towns were full.

—The young ladies spending vacation in the Academy, with a number of the teachers, left for Beaufort and Morehead City, on Tuesday.

—Mrs. Laughinghouse and family, Miss O'Hagan and Miss McClure, of Washington, N. C. are at Salem Hotel.

—The magistrates of Forsyth will meet Monday, and elect a Board of County Commissioners.

—W. M. Tate offers to the farmers of this and surrounding counties, his Little Monitor Grain and Seed Separator. Read his advertisement in another column.

—A. A. Spaugh showed us the first sweet potatoes we have seen this season. They were very fine ones, and were presented to him by a friend.

—Miss Gertrude Siewers, Misses Annie DeSchweinitz and Emmie DeSchweinitz are visiting Mrs. R. A. Hamilton, at Beaver Creek, Ashe county, N. C.

— Alexander Minung and lady returned home last Friday, from a visit of several weeks among relatives and friends in some of the Northern cities.

—F. D. L. Messer has presented us with a choice lot of pears and peaches. The pears are from the 80 year old tree, noticed some weeks since. Thanks.

—A large number of persons, some sixty in all, from this place and Winston, left for a few days of enjoyment on the sea shore, at Beaufort and Morehead City, on Tuesday.

—Owing to the inclemency of the weather, on last Saturday night, the promenade concert for the benefit of Elm Street Sunday School Chapel was given in the Boys' School-house.

—Lewis Snider, driver on the Mount Airy stage lines, informs us that they had good rains up in the tobacco growing region, reaching as far as Mt. Airy, and beyond.

—W. C. Wright and lady, of Columbia, S. C., were at Salem Hotel for a few days during the past week. Mrs. Wright as Miss Bowe, of Augusta, Ga., graduated at Salem Academy.

—A nice basket of peaches, pears, grapes and plums were presented us by W. A. Reich, Agent for the Ragsdale Nurseries. The fruit is *extra fine*, and of superior flavor.

—Camp-meeting at Smith Grove, Davie county, commences on Friday before the 4th Sunday in August. The meeting at Flat Rock, Guilford county, commences 2nd Saturday in this month.

—A friend writing us from the neighborhood of Five Forks, under date of July 31st, says: "We had a general rain last night. It is the first good rain we have had in over two months." We hope our friend's beans and "taters" will profit by it.

—A very pleasant lawn party was given Miss Mamie Fries at the residence of her father, J. W. Fries, on Thursday evening of last week, it being her birthday. A large number of her young friends were present, and the evening was one of pleasure to all.

—The Davidson County Teachers' Institute opened on Monday last. J. M. Leach, Jr., Chas. L. Heitman, W. J. Owen and Rev. Pres. Simpson, of Yadkin College, will do all they can to make the Institute a success.

—August Rogge, the gardener at the Academy, handed us a freak of nature last week that is a curiosity. It was a cabbage stalk on which were fifty-six well formed, solid heads, ranging in size from a hen's egg to a thimble. The main head had the appearance of a common cabbage, but on tearing it apart a small head was found under each leaf.

—A large number of Miss Alma Carmichael's friends gave her a birthday surprise party on Thursday night of last week. The evening passed off very pleasantly, and she and her friends enjoyed themselves finely. Many happy returns, Miss Alma.

—The Baptist Sunday School excursion did not get back from Raleigh until after 5 o'clock yesterday (Wednesday) morning, owing to the breaking of the engine. There were a good many sleepy eyes on board the train when it arrived at the depot.

—The other day an old darkey, after hiding the contents of a ten cent water melon, sat on a curb-stone and soliloquized as follows: "Its a fac, times am hard, bacon's way up dar, so am eb'ry thing else, and dat dime's done gone, but then a body must pause sometimes and 'joy de pleasures ob dis life."

—Robert Fisher, Luther Butner and others, went to the Yadkin river fishing last Saturday night with their seine, and made a good catch, taking in all about three bushels of fish. Uncle Bob took his hooks and lines along, and astonished the party by catching a huge water moccasin on one of his hooks.

—A colored damsel called in at a store the other day and asked one of the clerks for some "complexion powders." The clerk informed her that they were just out of the article but would have some in a few days. He has since contracted with a charcoal burner for a supply, and says in the future he will be able to accommodate all such customers with powder suitable for their complexion.

—Don't you forget that C. R. Welfare has a fresh stock of

SEASONABLE GOODS

at the Boner & Crist old stand, in Salem, N. C. He will sell his goods as cheap as the cheapest for cash, fruit and good country produce.

—We regret to learn that Mrs. Sink, widow of Lazarus Sink, was drowned while crossing the north prong of Double Creek, Yadkin county, under the following circumstances: The party, consisting of mother, two daughters and two sons, in a two-horse wagon, were returning home from meeting at Lewisville. Heavy rains fell towards evening and the creek was overflowing. It was dark when the party drove in, and in a short time the wagon body was afloat and turned over throwing all into the flood, and drifted down stream. One of the girls reached a sand bank, the other was rescued by the boys. Mrs. Sink was drowned and her body found next morning below the ford. One of the mules was also drowned.

Lewisville Baptist Church Dedication.

As announced last week, the Baptist church at Lewisville was dedicated on Sunday last. A very large congregation of people were present, and the services were highly interesting. Elder John K. Connally preached the dedicatory sermon, which is highly spoken of. Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of Greensboro, Rev. Mr. Haymore and Rev. S. F. Conrad assisted in the services, which extended to Monday morning and night. The church is free of debt, owing principally to the exertions of several citizens of Lewisville, prominent among whom was Mrs. Lewis Laugenour. The church cost $1,700, contributed principally by Baptists, although upwards of $400 were contributed by friends. The day was fine and the services very interesting.

PEACH PICKING AND PACKING.

Scenes as Interesting as among the Orange Groves of Florida.

The season of the profitable shipment of peaches in this section is fast drawing to a close. During the latter days of June and through the whole of July there was a rush among the orchardmen to an extent never before known hereabouts. Lineback Brothers, W. P. Reynolds, L. A. Brietz, J. E. Mickey and R. F. Linville, are the principal fruit growers, besides numbers of farmers who sold to or shipped mainly through the above gentlemen, or through D. A. Spaugh, of this place. We have no statistics at hand, but we can safely state that the amount will reach thousands of baskets and crates from Salem Depot alone. Kernersville, Friendship, New Garden, Greensboro, Jamestown and High Point will add largely to the list.

The fruit shipping enterprise brings money from a distance to be disbursed among our people and will become more and more profitable, the only drawback being the frequent failures on account of the late Spring frosts.

Lineback Brother's orchard, for the past six weeks, has been a busy as well as a merry place. The orchard is extensive, and the fruit fine, the several varieties coming in regular succession. The Early Beatrice, Alexander, Hale's Early and Crawford's Early, are the favorite varieties. The earliest are not as well flavored as the last two named. Indeed, we believe that Hale's Early is the first which has the real peach flavor. The orchard, while this variety was fully ripe, looked beautiful. Last week the bright yellow, red cheeked Crawford glistened in the sunlight, like "apples of gold" in an emerald setting.

By invitation we drove out to Messrs. Lineback Bro's orchard, on Saturday last. As you approach the grounds, the first thing you see is the large and shed-like packing house, open and airy, with sorting bins or tables on three sides. In the centre are piles of baskets and crates; and in the rear are the work benches for those who prepare the baskets and the markers of crates, &c. It was a busy and interesting scene, as we watched the merry girls and women, among them the young ladies of the proprietor's family whose hearty welcome will ever be pleasantly remembered. Here the peaches are assorted, and the fancy grades wrapped in paper and carefully packed in baskets, "*a la orange.*" The next grades are put in baskets unwrapped, while the lower grades are crated. All the fruit is perfect, but of different sizes, and qualities. No really inferior fruit is shipped at all, as much depends upon their appearance in the market. The baskets have a thin board cover, neatly marked by stencil, with name of peach, shipper and consignee, and the crates are similarly marked.

We enjoyed a pleasant drive among the richly laden trees, just after the first load of fruit had been delivered at the bins. The work had been retarded by a heavy fog and dew, as the fruit must be perfectly dry when picked, and so we were just in time. Under the ardent rays of a July sun the fruit laden trees looked their best. As we drove along, basket after basket was handed in and carefully stowed in the spring wagon, and by the time we drove up to the house the bins were shallow in fruit, ready for a renewal.

Now comes the most enjoyable part, as we sat down with a peck basket of fruit beside us and ate until, *well*—until we could eat no more, and left with a basket of peaches in hand.

We would like to have remained for dinner, but business at home prevented. We know, however, that the meals are regular old fashioned picnics. Just think of it, a *picnic* every day for over six weeks, among the finest fruit trees in the country, and under the shade of fine old oaks, and you will have a faint idea of a dinner party at Lineback Brothers' peach orchard.

Broadbay S. S. Association.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Broadbay Sunday School Association met at Friedland Moravian church, on Sunday last, 30th inst. A very large concourse of people were present.

The exercises were opened with singing and prayer by J. F. McCuiston. The following programme was observed:

Dr. Hamilton, of Waughtown, delivered the introductory address, showing the necessity of early religious training, and the great danger attending the neglect of this duty.

Song—"Watchman," by Sunday School children.

Thos. Spach, of Salem, then delivered an excellent address on the necessity of pushing forward the Sunday School enterprise.

Song—"Angels Watching," by scholors from several Sunday Schools.

W. C. Clodfelter gave us some of his experience as a Sunday School worker, followed by a song, "Jesus will gather us home."

An excellent dinner was then partaken of.

In the afternoon the different schools spent some time in singing, which was highly appreciated by all.

J. F. McCuiston then delivered an admirable address.

Song—"In the Resurrection Morn."

B. J. Snider then gave an excellent address.

Song—"Like the Angels."

Mr. W. A. Weavill then made some very appropriate remarks, followed by an interesting address by Mr. Doub, of Vienna township.

Song—"The Christian Soldier."

Dr. Rondthaler, of Salem, addressed the audience in his usual happy style, and apparently made a lasting impression on all who heard him.

The scholars then all joined in singing "How lovely is Zion," and "Palms of Victory."

Dr. Rondthaler closed the exercises with prayer.

All seemed to enjoy the occasion, and everything passed off pleasantly.

The singing was conducted by Prof. P. J. Leonard, and was all that could be desired. S. A. H.

KERNERSVILLE LETTER.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—On Sunday, the 22nd July, Elder Levy Bodenhammer preached the funeral of Mr. Cornelius Williard, (who died last Spring,) in the Moravian church at Friedland. The congregation is said to have been very large, as Mr. Williard was well known and respected throughout the country, and the preacher acquitted himself in his best style, as he always does when he gets off of his *controversal stilts*, and confines himself to the simple preaching of the Gospel. The same Sunday evening, the presiding Elder of the Methodist E. Church, Rev. Mr. Bobbitt, preached in Kernersville and gave us a plain practical sermon, devoid of all flourish, but calculated to leave a good impression upon the minds and hearts of his hearers. And on Thursday evening, the 21st ult., Rev. Mr. Johnston, of the Presbyterian church in Winston, preached in the Methodist church here. I was not at home, therefore can only speak from hearsay, and that is, that he gave his hearers a No. 1 sermon, and fully sustained his reputation as an able minister.

We are having quite a lively time at the depot of evenings, when the train comes down, loading peach crates, and it is quite a big thing in its way, and the senders I am told are getting fair prices, and I doubt if there are any finer peaches shipped any where else than are being sent off by Messrs. Blalock, Starbuck, Gardiner, Benbow and others.

Looking around in our depot, I noticed quite a stack of wheelbarrows sent here from New York to be used by the convicts now working about ten miles from here on the Mt. Airy Railroad. Now why could not those wheelbarrows have been made here? We have the mechanics and the timber, and Waughtown, for instance, could turn out as good wheelbarrows as New York or any other place can do; but every thing in *Church* and *State* must be turned over to the North, a tacit acknowledgement that we are not able to shift for ourselves.

Quite a novelty presented itself in our streets the other day,—a man with a wagon load of corn trying to sell it, and couldn't find a buyer, when some one suggested that he be warned to get out of the incorporation before the town officers get after him as corn had become a contraband article here. It is surprising how independent some people become as soon as *blackberries get ripe.*

Mr. Theodore Kerner, with his wife, mother-in-law, Mrs. Greenfield, and sister, Miss Elmina Kerner, made a several weeks' mountain trip, and Miss Kerner is giving a sketch of their rambles in the Blue Ridge in the Kernersville *News*, which no doubt will be read with interest by her many friends and acquaintances wherever the *News* circulates.

In visiting your town the other day, I saw something which sent a thrill of gladness to my heart, and no doubt will be shared in by a good many of the readers of the *Press*,—I mean the re-opening, after some years, of the "Old Boner & Crist" business stand by our friend, Charley Welfare, assisted by his brother "Ed,"—old uncle Reuben's sons, as nice an old gentleman as you can find anywhere, and his boys are clever lads, and are bound to have a trade. Charley has been merchandising in Lexington for some years. Dr. J. A Butner, late of Hope, Indiana, lives in the dwelling part of the house, and his family are musical folks, so was Mr. Joshua Boner's family, and to hear the Piano at one end and see the goods boxes stored up at the other, is a sight to do *old time* folks, like myself, good.

And now, Charley, put a long, big, rousing advertisement in the *People's Press* and tell the folks you are there, and you have goods to sell, and you mean to sell 'em, and people will know just what to do. C. L. R.

Kernersville, N. C., July 29, 1882.

DAVIDSON COUNTY ITEMS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—We send you a few county items which may be of interest to your readers. Your old friend, A. C. Hege, has shipped over 500 bushels of peaches; the finest are wrapped in paper and carefully packed in baskets. Mr. W. C. Hargrave threshed one hundred and four bushels of wheat grown on four acres. Mr. Cecil has a contract with the Commissioners of Charlotte to make 500,000 brick. He will commence operations in a short time, if not already at work. The Davidson County Bible Society will meet at Midway church on the 30th of August, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The magistrates meet in Lexington on next Monday. Mr. Phillips draws the attention of School Committeemen to section 51, school law of 1881, which provides that it shall be the duty of the school committee of each district to take an accurate census of all the children between the ages of six and twenty-one years and report the same to the County Superintendent of Public Instruction, on or before the first day of September. For the proper blanks call on J. W. Finch, Register of Deeds, or J. W. McCrary, County Treasurer, at Lexington, or H. T. Phillips, at Yadkin College.

The Davidson County Sunday School Association will meet at Midway church, on the 20th and 30th of August, at 10 o'clock each day. [See programme elsewhere.]

The drought, which prevailed in several sections of the county, has been relieved by showers, and it is hoped now that the rains have become more general. Cotton, tobacco, corn, &c., will grow and flourish.

Some of the subscription schools will soon open, and the young idea will have a chance to shoot ahead. The common schools in the county, will probably not commence before the 1st of December, although some dissatisfaction exists about the matter.

From the Lexington Dispatch.

Programme of Davidson County Sunday School Association.

To be held at Midway church on the 29th-30th of August, commencing at 10 A. M., each day.

I. Opening exercises and temporary organization.

II. Adoption of Constitution.

III. Election of permanent officers and appointment committees.

IV. Addresses by visitors from other counties.

V. Reports from the Sunday Schools of the county.

VI. Discussion by the persons named and by others, of the following subjects:

1st. Upon whom does the duty devolve of bringing children into the Sunday School? Speakers, Rev. J. J. Renn, Thomas Long, Alex. Cecil, F. F. Conrad and J. H. Welborn.

2nd. Should Sunday Schools as such attend upon Divine worship? Speakers, Rev. J. W. Lewis, John Long, Jesse Cecil, Henry Sheets and Prof. H. W. Reinhart.

3rd. Can Sunday Schools in the country be advantageously carried on in the Winter? Speakers, Rev. J. B. Richardson, —— Fishel, Prof. Simpson, Julian Wright and Prof. J. Wright.

4th. What are the requisites of a good Sunday School teacher? Speakers, Revs. A. M. Watson and C. H. Bernheim, Prof. Thompson and A. M. Hunter.

5th. Is the influence of rewards and premiums upon Sunday School pupils wholesome or injurious? Speakers, Rev. L. E. Thompson, W. M. Turner T. T. Ferree, H. N. Heitman.

VII. Reports from committees.

VIII. New business and arrangements for the next annual meeting.

IX. Closing exercises.

On the second day at 11 A. M., this programme will be suspended for the meeting of the Bible Society.

GEO. B. WETMORE,
Chairman of Ex. Committee.

Improvement for Mind and Body.

There is more strength-restoring power in a bottle of Parker's Ginger tonic than in a bushel of malt or a gallon of milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, there is nothing like it, and invalids consequently find it a wonderful invigorant for mind and body.—*Commercial.*

Found at Last.

An agreeable dressing for the hair, that will stop its falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balsam, distinguished for its purity, fully supplies this want.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

University of North Carolina

NEXT SESSION begins AUGUST 31st, 1882. Expenses $185 to $250 per annum. Regular Courses of study lead to A. B., Ph. B., and B. S. Special courses, receiving Certificates and Diplomas, are open to Students. Schools of Law, Medicine & Pharmacy attached. A Teachers' Course has been established.

For particulars address
KEMP P. BATTLE, LL. D., President,
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.
Aug. 3, 1882.—31

A FORSYTH COUNTY FAIR.

ALL PERSONS ARE INVITED TO BE PRESENT AUGUST 26th.

WACHOVIA MILLS, SALEM, N. C., July 17, 1882.

To the Farmers of Forsyth County:

We again call the attention of our farmer friends to our premiums on wheat, and state that the contest will take place at

Pace's Warehouse, Saturday, August 26th, 1882,

from 10 to 12 o'clock. At 2 P. M., Col. L. L. Polk, of Raleigh, will deliver an address in the Warehouse, on agriculture, and after this address the premiums will be awarded, according to the decision of gentlemen selected from Davie, Davidson, Guilford, Stokes and Yadkin. The premiums promised will be as follows: $25.00 in cash for 5 bushels best white wheat:

3 bushels best white wheat to person having 2nd quality white wheat.

2 bushels best white wheat to person having 3rd quality white wheat.

$25.00 in cash for 5 bushels best red wheat.

3 bushels best red wheat to person having 2nd quality red wheat.

2 bushels best red wheat to person having 3rd quality red wheat.

Decisions will be rendered 1st by the cleanliness. 2nd by the yield per acre. 3d by weight of 5 measured bushels.

We propose the same premiums to the farmers of Forsyth for the next crop of wheat to be harvested in 1883.

Very Respectfully,

F. & H. FRIES.

ALL PERSONS INVITED TO BE PRESENT AUGUST 26th.

WINSTON, N. C., July 17th, 1882.

To the Farmers of Forsyth County:

GENTLEMEN:—We offer to the farmers, who used Allison & Addison's Star Brand Wheat Manure on their wheat crop last fall, the following premiums. The premiums are to be awarded by a committee of five, at the County Wheat Fair which is to be held at PACE'S WAREHOUSE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26th, 1882.

No. 1. For the largest yield and best wheat on 10 acres, 4 sacks Star Brand Wheat Manure. 5 bushels to be exhibited.

No. 2. For the largest yield and best wheat on 5 acres, 3 sacks Star Brand Wheat Manure. 5 bushels to be exhibited.

No. 3. For the largest yield and best wheat on 3 acres, 2 sacks Star Brand Wheat Manure. 5 bushels to be exhibited.

No. 4. For the largest yield and best wheat on 1 acre, 1 sack Star Brand Wheat Manure. 5 bushels to be exhibited.

Parties wishing to contend for the premiums will please call at our store as soon as practicable and leave their names, and the number of premiums they wish to enter for.

We offer the same premiums to farmers who use the Star Brand Wheat Manure this fall: premiums to be awarded at next year's County Fair. Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

N. B.—Col. L. L. Polk, of Raleigh, will deliver an address in PACE'S WAREHOUSE at 2 P. M., AUGUST 26th. After this address the premiums will be awarded.

July 20, 1882.-29-tf.

—Just received at the Salem Book Store a new supply of the KEYSTONE HANDY PENCIL TABLET, of all sizes. Also the KEYSTONE COMPANION CASE, WITH PEN WIPER.

—Pure Linen Pads, ruled and unruled, for foreign correspondence, cheap and good, at Blum's Salem Bookstore.

NEW GARDEN BOARDING SCHOOL

THIS SCHOOL has just completed its fifty-sixth year of successful work. Since its organization, even through the late war, it has been sustained without any suspension of its sessions.

The School buildings are situated six miles west of Greensboro, on the Salem Railroad, in a locality second to none in the State for its healthfulness. Valuable improvements have been made during the past two years, both for the comfort of the students and for increasing the facilities of instruction. The attendance during the year just closed, has been full.

By order of the Trustees, the Calendar has been changed. Hereafter each scholastic year will begin on the **1st MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER,** and continue ten months, with two short vacations, as shown in Catalogue. Information concerning the School will be gladly given to any on applying to

JESSE M. BUNDY, Supt.
New Garden, Guilford Co., N. C.
July 20, 1882.-29-8w.

ICE! ICE!! ICE!!!

NORTHERN ICE!

HAVING RECEIVED A SUPPLY OF the celebrated

KENNEBEC RIVER ICE,

I am now prepared to furnish my friends, and the public generally, in Winston-Salem and neighboring towns, at short notice, with large or small quantities of the above

CLEAR, FIRM, CRYSTAL ICE,

throughout the entire season. For the convenience of my customers, I have

5, 10 and 25 pound Tickets.

I will sell in lots of $5 worth and over at a discount of 5 per cent. My wagon will deliver in

WINSTON AND SALEM

free of charge regularly every morning, "Sundays excepted," delivering late Saturday evenings for Sundays. I have completed, on the corner of 3ad and Depot streets, my

LARGE ICE-HOUSE AND OFFICE,

where I can be found at all times during business hours.

Soliciting your orders, by mail or otherwise, which shall have prompt and personal attention, I remain,

Very respectfully,
DAVID H. KING,
3rd and Depot Streets,
29-tf. WINSTON, N. C.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the stomach like cough syrups and balsams, but **act directly on the inflamed parts,** allaying irritation, give relief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Cough, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

THE LATEST ARRIVAL OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURERS.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS

—AND—

RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

WINSTON, N. C., MAY 20TH, 1882.

Our unequaled facilities for handling goods, and our steadily increasing trade plainly show that we are making it to the interest of all classes to trade with us.

OUR WHOLESALE DEPARTMENTS

are separate from our RETAIL STORE, and are fitted up especially for the business. In these departments we carry a large and well selected stock of Goods, bought with an eye to the wants of the merchants of the surrounding country. Our prices compare favorably with those of the leading houses both in this State and in Richmond, Va. A large proportion of these goods we buy direct from first hands, in original packages, and not only secure the lowest prices obtainable, but also save all the discounts. We sell at Factory Prices:

T. Miles and Son's Philadelphia Hand Made Shoes,

J. & P. COATS' SPOOL COTTON. BELLEMONT.

CRANITE & RANDLEMAN PLAIDS,

Fries' Jeans, Cottonades,

BUNCH COTTON & ARISTA SHEETING,

THOMASVILLE SHOES, &C,

The Merchants of the surrounding counties will save money by giving us their orders.

OUR RETAIL STORE IS EQUALED BY NONE IN WESTERN N. C.

——WE SELL AT LOWEST PRICES——

Dress Goods, Notions, Trimmings, Laces, Fringes, Hamburgs, Cottonades, Linen Drills, Jeans, Cassimeres, Clothing, Stetton Hats, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Umbrellas, Parasols. Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Leads, Syrup, Coffee, Sugar, Salt, Leather, Meat, Lard, Flour, Corn, Ship Stuff, Nails, Horse and Mule Shoes, Hoes, Mattocks, Grass Blades, Sythes and Cradles, Axes, Trace Chains, Tames, Locks, Screws, Butts, Saws, Forks, Shovels, Spades, Plows, Cutlery, Tin Ware, &c.

We buy WHEAT, OATS, RYE, CORN, PEAS, BEANS, FLAX SEED, EGGS, BUTTER, BEESWAX, FLOUR, DRIED FRUITS and all other salable produce.

We invite you to call and examine our stock and prices.

Very Respectfully,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

D. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so charcteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS,
ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 20th, 1881. 3104 Wash Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Prostration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

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PRACTICAL

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AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

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AT SALEM BOOKSTORE

—Best ever made, Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, pleasant to take, sugar-coated; no griping; only 15 cents a box, of Druggists or by mail. Standard Cure Co., 114 Nassau street, New York.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind. Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

FREE Send to MOORE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY Atlanta, Ga. For Illustrated Circular. A live actual Business School. *Established twenty years.*

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Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's, of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

North Carolina R.R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 55 a m	6 50 p m.
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m.
" High Point	7 20 a m	10 44 p m.
Arrive Greensboro	8 00 a m	11 20 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 25 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 48 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave "	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 20 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 18 8.	No. 5 Daily	No. 52 Daily
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 33 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	a m
Arrive High Point	9 43 p m	a m
" Salisbury	11 05 p m	a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 30 a m

No. 18, D'lyer Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m.
Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m.
Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

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GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily,	No. 52, Daily, ex. Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 20 p m	8 30 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 36 p m	9 41 a m
" Salem	11 20 p m	10 15 a m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 00 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex. Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 20 a m
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L. W. STAFFORD.
March, 16. 1882.

—BLANK BOOKS at the Salem Book Store.

SUNDAY READING.

The Lord's Prayer.

We lay before our readers the Lord's prayer, beautifully paraphrased into an acrostic by Thomas Sturtevant, Jr., a soldier in the Twenty-sixth Regiment, United States infantry, and a prisoner of war in the province of Upper Canada, June 7, 1812:

Our Lord and King, who reign'st, enthroned on high,
Father of light! mysterious Deity!
Who art the great I AM, the last, the first,
Art righteous, holy, merciful and just,
In realms of glory, scenes where angels sing,
Heaven is the dwelling place of God our King.
Hallowed Thy name, which doth all names transcend;
Be Thou adored, our great Almighty friend,
Thy glory shines beyond creation's space,
Name d in the book of justice and of grace,
Thy kingdom towers beyond Thy starry skies;
Kingdom attack falls, but Thine shall rise,
Come let Thine empire. Oh, Thou Holy One,
Thy great and everlasting will be done!
Will God make known His will, His power display?
Be it the work of mortals to obey.
Done is the great, the wondrous work of love,
On Calvary's cross He died, but reigns above,
Earth bears the record in Thy holy word;
As heaven adorns Thy love, let earth, Oh, Lord;
It shines transcendent in th' eternal skies,
Is praised in Heaven—for man the Savior dies.
In songs immortal angels laud His name,
Heaven shouts for joy, and saints His love proclaim,
Give us, Oh, Lord, our food, nor cease to give
Us that food on which our souls may live!
This be our boon to-day, and days to come,
Day without end in our eternal home,
Our needy souls supply from day to day,
Daily assist and aid us when we pray,
Bread though we ask, yet, Lord, Thy blessing lend,
And make us grateful when Thy gifts descend,
Forgive our sins, which in destruction place,
Us the vile rebels of a rebel race;
Our souls to save, even Adam's guilty race.
Deliver to Thee in gratitude and love,
And in that duty paid by saints above,
Lead us from sin, and in Thy Mercy raise
Us from the tempter and his hellish ways.
Not in our own, yet in His name who bled,
Into Thine ear we pour our every need.
Temptation's fatal charm help us to shun,
But may we conquer through Thy conquering Son!
Deliver us from all which can annoy
Us in this world, and may our souls destroy.
From all calamities which men deride,
Evil and death, Oh, turn our feet aside;
For we are mortal worms, and cleave to clay;
Thine 't is to rule, and mortals to obey.
Is not Thy mercy, Lord, forever free?
The whole creation knows no God but Thee.
Kingdom and empire in Thy presence fall;
The King eternal reigns the King of all,
Power is with Thee—to Thee be glory given,
And be Thy name adored by earth and heaven,
The praise of saints and angels is Thy own;
Glory to Thee, the everlasting one,
Forever be Thy triune name adored;
Amen, Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!

Religious News and Notes.

Rev. L. S. Webb, D. D., of the M. E. church, died recently in Brooklyn.

Bishop Elder, the Catholic bishop of Ohio, recently confirmed 800 candidates in Mercer, Anglaise and Shelby counties in that State.

The Boston City Missionary society appeals for money to be expended in giving poor and sick people horse-car rides into the suburbs.

The sixty-second annual general convention of the New Jerusalem church of the United States and Canada met at Chicago recently. The session continued three days.

The several denominations in Prince Edward's Island are represented by the following figures taken from the recent census of the Dominion: Roman Catholics, 47,115; Presbyterians, 33,835; Methodists, 14,071; Episcopalians, 7,192; Baptists, 5,580.

The Congregational Union of Scotland has been holding its meetings in Edinburgh, and from the reports which appear of the various gatherings it is evident that Congregationalism in Scotland is vigorous and aggressive, and making considerable progress.

In the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, there was a very extraordinary case of infant baptism. A gentleman and his son walked up to the baptismal font, each accompanied by his wife, and each carrying a pair of twin babies to be baptized. Thus one pair of twins was twin-uncle to the other pair, and the senior father was grandfather to the children of the younger gentleman. It is said that no other instance of a four-fold family baptism has been known, even in Chicago. The congregation were deeply interested in the proceedings, and regarded the parents of the twins with a sense of mingled admiration and wonder.

Stuart's Last Fight.

J. Esten Cooke, an ex-Confederate officer, tells how General Stuart met his death from Sheridan's men at the battle of Yellow Tavern. Mr. Cooke says: The battle had evidently reached the turning point, and Stuart saw the desperate character of his situation. It was difficult to use his artillery in such a melee of friend and foe, and his left wing was soon in utter disorder. The Federal attack had at last succeeded in breaking it to pieces; the men were scattering in every direction, and seeing Major Breathed near him, Stuart shouted:

"Breathed! take command of all the mounted men in the road, and hold it against whatever comes. If this road is lost we are gone!"

Such an order was precisely suited to the tastes of a man like Breathed. I was intimately acquainted with him, and never knew a human being who took such sincere delight in desperate fighting. At Stuart's order Breathed saluted, and shouting to the men to follow him charged the Federal column, apparently careless whether he was followed or not. He was immediately surrounded, and a hot saber fight took place between himself and his swarm of enemies. A saber blow nearly cut him out of the saddle, and he received a pistol shot in his side, but he cut down one Federal officer, killed another with his revolver, and made his way out, his face streaming with blood. At this moment the artillery opened, but a determined charge was made on the guns, and all the pieces were captured but one. The driver of this piece lashed his horses and rushed the gun off toward the Chickahominy, followed by the cannoneers, cursing and shouting: "For God's sake, boys, let's go back; they've got as far as Breathed!" It would have been better for the gun to have been captured. As it was whirling along at wild speed it broke through the cavalry, throwing them into disorder, and before the line was reformed the enemy struck it and the battle was ended. Both the Southern wings were driven, and there was no hope of continuing the contest. Stuart was nearly in despair, and was seen galloping about, shouting and waving his saber in a desperate attempt to rally his men, but it was impossible. The field was a scene of the wildest disorder. Federals and Confederates were darting in every direction, and one of the former as he darted by Stuart fired at him and shot him through the body.

The bullet entered his side, and passing through the stomach inflicted a mortal wound. In its passage it just grazed a small Bible which he always carried, the gift of his mother. He reeled in the saddle and was caught by Captain Dorsey, of the First Virginia, and as he had closed his eyes seemed about to expire on the field. His immense vitality, however, sustained him, and endeavoring to rise erect again in his saddle he exclaimed to those around him: "Go back and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe!"

India has about 20,000,000 acres under wheat.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

How to Train Tomato Vines.

In all my experience and observation in the cultivation of the tomato plant, says a writer for the *Country Gentleman*, I have never seen so profitable a way as is practiced by my next neighbor. When his ground is made ready he sets the plants in rows about four feet apart and three feet in the row. When about a foot high he places a stake about six feet long firmly driven into the ground, leaving about four and a half feet above ground. To these stakes the stalks are tied, pains being taken as the plants grow to have a crotch at or near the ground. As these two branches grow he entwines them about the stake. When any branches start out of the main stalks they are allowed to grow only a few inches long, then headed in by taking off the terminal buds. In that way many side branches are furnished for bearing. When planted in this way the plants are easily cultivated; light and air freely circulate in every part. The tomatoes being thus favored grow very large, and being so far above ground, are free from dirt, and all washing and cleaning are avoided. They are ready for market when picked. Where there is not a suitable branch formed near the ground, one stalk is wound around the stake and does very well. When the stalks reach the top of the stake they are not allowed to go higher. On plants set out in this climate about the last of April or 1st of May, the first ripe fruit appears about the middle of July, and growth of vine and yield of fruit continue until frost kills the leaves—usually three months of ripening. My neighbor tells me that in a good growing season he has picked from half a bushel to three pecks from each average stake, and no larger or smoother tomatoes than his appear in market. He also tells me that he would rather have the stakes taller than shorter. In this way of training the stalks the fruit is ripe two weeks earlier than by the low way of training. The object of this trimming is to induce growth of fruit instead of unnecessary branches. When the stalks are in rapid growth trimming is needed once in ten or twelve days. In this way he has raised at the rate of 1,200 to 1,500 bushels per acre.

Culture of Geese.

The goose sits about thirty days. When the young are hatched they should be kept away from the water, not exposed to heavy rain or dews, wet floors in the house or the hot sun's rays. Feed them at first with bread crumbs soaked in milk, scalded bran, cornmeal or ground oats, fresh cut grass, chopped cabbage, lettuce or green sods; they will devour or nibble at them when only a day old. Young goslings have some natural enemies to be guarded against; rats are especially fond of them, and will try hard to destroy them. The fox, skunk, mink, weasel, muskrat and turtle have no objections to the flesh of a tender goose or gosling whenever they can get a good chance.

After a month of steady feeding let the goslings run in the pasture and join the old birds in the water. When you come to fatten them place a dozen or so in a roomy, movable coop, give them all they will eat of cornmeal and vegetables cooked with coarse fat, sheep's plucks or liver, boiled potatoes and ground oats. Three weeks of such feeding will fatten them.

From large sized geese about three-fourths to a pound of feathers may be had annually. Geese may be plucked two or three times in a year, or when the quill of the feather is ripe, that is, clear and not filled with bloody matter. Th small feathers should be plucked first, leaving all the large, except five or six under each wing to support them from drooping. The early goslings may be plucked once when their feathers are grown and ripe, and yet grow out in time for fattening before the holidays.

The sex of young geese may be known to the breeder by many signs Among some breeds and varieties it shows in the color, size, carriage, attitude, mode of attack, pugnacity, inflection of the voice or cackle, or recurved feathers in the tail, etc., and which may be noticed by comparison, close study and experience in breeding them. The best and most popular breeds in this country are the Great Hong Kong, Toulouse and Embden; but there are others that are very handsome and prolific, but they lack size and desirable flesh qualities for table use.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Application of Barnyard Manure.

The following contribution appears in recent English agricultural papers:

The economical application of farmyard dung must, to a certain extent, be based upon its composition, and there are two processes by which this may be ascertained—first, by direct analysis, and, second, by calculation.

Many years ago I published a series of calculations based upon the food consumed upon a farm of 400 acres, the quantity of straw used as litter, and the loss by respiration. The farm was estimated to have 100 acres in turnips or marigolds, 100 in hay and 200 in wheat and barley. The amount of dung produced was equal to 957 tons of 2,000 pounds, or about two and a half tons for each acre. The composition per ton was as follows:

Water	1,400
Dry matter	600
Minerals	5½
Phosphoric acid as phosphate of lime	10
Potash	10½
Nitrogen	13

This estimate agrees very well with the analyses made by Boussingault, Voelcker and ourselves, and may be said to represent the composition of good unfermented farmyard manure. We are indebted to Dr. Voelcker for several analyses of the dung in different stages of decomposition, and we show that only a very small proportion, probably not more than two pounds of the thirteen pounds of nitrogen contained in each ton, is in the form of ammonia. Considerably more than ninety per cent. of the whole of the dung consists, therefore, of water and wood. A large proportion of the manure constituents of the dung exists in combination with the straw or the solid excrement of the animals, substances which decompose very slowly in the soil, and for this reason it takes a large amount of dung to produce much effect on vegetation. Our experiments lead us to the conclusion that the influence of one dressing of dung may not be entirely at an end for twenty or thirty years, or perhaps even a longer period.

With the composition of dung before me, and the known composition and condition of the various ingredients it contains, the question has often occurred to me whether it will be possible to do anything by way of improving its fertilizing power. Ought we to fix the ammonia or ought we to try and manipulate in some way to hasten its action? If we can get the full effect of an artificial manure in one year, why must we wait a lifetime to see the end of one application of dung? Time is money, and the old-fashioned idea that a manure is valuable for its lasting properties will not bear argument, as, if it is true, it would be better to leave the bones and phosphate rock under ground.

With all this scientific prelude, I am bound to confess that I am just as helpless in regard to the management or improvement of dung as the most old-fashioned farmer. It is of no use fixing ammonia where there is hardly any to fix. It costs nothing to look at your dung with the idea of doing something to it; but you certainly cannot touch it without going to some considerable expense. I, for my part, therefore, am content to let it alone. As I grow a good many mangels, I apply the greater part of the dung to this crop, my practice being to open out the furrow and apply about twenty tons per acre; then, after earthing up the furrows, I proceed to drill the seed upon the top.

If I did not grow roots, I should apply the dung in autumn to the clover or grass. This, of course, would involve exposure to the atmosphere, but I should not fear much loss on this account; or, at all events, I do not think there would be more by this process than by any other.

To give some idea of our attempt to estimate the loss of the ingredients contained in dung, I may say that we applied it to grass land between 1856 and 1863, and having taken a crop of hay every year since, at the end of twenty years we had only got back fifteen per cent. of the nitrogen supplied in the manure, less than one-half of the potash, and not much more than one-third of the phosphoric acid. The effect of the dung last applied eighteen years ago is still quite distinct, and when it will come to an end no one can predict. On the whole, as regards the question of economy, I am therefore inclined to advise that the dung should be carted from the yards to the fields, and left there in a heap until required for application, or that it should be applied direct from the yards. All labor expended on dung adds certainly to the cost, but it does not add with the same certainty to its value.—*J. B. Lawes, in Cultivator.*

Farm and Garden Notes.

The corn and potatoes in the drills will yield more to the acre than those in hills.

Green suckers from corn, especially sweet corn, should be broken or pulled for milch cows. They are to cows what ice cream is to a human being.

After a hen has been sitting fifteen days put the eggs into a vessel of lukewarm water. Those which will hatch will stir in the water, while those not alive will lie still.

It is lamentable that so few farms have a supply of small fruits. Many farmers never have a berry of their own raising, while the most hardy fruit, the common red cherry, is not at all plenty.

Cabbages respond quickly to frequent hoeing. It is one of the crops upon which too much labor cannot be bestowed. They should be cultivated often, even when there are no weeds among them.

Many people think that because parsnips may remain in the ground all winter they grow so well as not to need much cultivation. They should be cultivated as carefully as carrots, and the weeds should not obtain the mastery.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following as his method of destroying sprouts from roots of trees: Bore a three-fourths inch hole in the center of the stump, ten inches deep; put in one ounce of the oil of vitroil and plug it up tight.

At three feet apart each way there are 4,860 hills on an acre. Potatoes yielding only one bushel to every thirty hills would give upward of 160 bushels per acre. That this is much above the average crop even in good years shows how great are the possibilities for improvement in potato growing.

During a great many rainy days in summer stock are much more comfortable if allowed to run to the barnyard and shelter themselves under sheds and in the stable. But when they do this they should be fed as liberally as in winter, and, if possible, with green food as good at least as they get in pasture.

The cotton plant is destined to become of greater importance than ever. Farmers have learned that cottonseed meal is a good feed for most kinds of stock, and that after feeding it makes the most valuable kind of manure. It requires some care in using, and is better if mixed with at least half its bulk of wheat bran.

Recipes.

CHEESE OMELETTE.—Take three tablespoonfuls of milk and a pinch of salt for each egg; beat the eggs lightly for three minutes, pour into a hot pan in which a piece of butter the size of a walnut has just been melted; when nearly cooked sprinkle over it grated cheese (old cheese is best), fold over and serve at once.

OATMEAL CRACKERS.—One teacupful oatmeal and enough tepid water to wet and make into dough; mix well and quick; the harder the dough the better; if it will bear to be rolled out with the rolling-pin, begin to roll it, stopping to press the ragged edges with your fingers; keep at it in the same way till it is one eighth or a quarter of an inch thick; be quick about it or it will get too dry under your hands; make only dough enough at one time for one cracker; do not brown it any in baking; it will be good for months if you put it in your oatmeal barrel and cover it with meal.

TO FOIL ONIONS.—"A Doctor's Wife" says: Some years ago I read in an English journal a contribution of Mr. Frank Buckland, where he stated that after mental fatigue and occasional sleeplessness he was greatly benefited by eating onions at his dinner. How soporific or sleep-inducing the onion, the much despised vegetable, is, I am not prepared to state, but I know that many persons who are troubled with sleeplessness use them. If properly boiled so as to get the twang out of them, the onion is a most delicate vegetable. To every quart of onions a quart of cold water, with a half tablespoonful of salt. Boil not too fast for two hours. Drain in colander thoroughly and allow to get cold. Make a sauce with a tablespoonful of butter, the same of flour, and one-half pint of milk; rub butter and flour perfectly together, with pinch of black pepper. Boil milk, which pour over flour and butter, and stir all the time to keep smooth. Put onions in sauce and let them heat until the same boils. Ought to be served rather dry.

CURRANT JELLY.—Stem the currants, scald them in a porcelain kettle or in a crock in a kettle of hot water. Do not let them boil; you can tell by the changed color when they are scalded. As soon as they are cool enough wash and strain them through a coarse linen bag first, and then through a flannel bag. The juice from a few quarts of red raspberries will give currant jelly a delicious flavor. Allow one pound of sugar to a pint of juice if you like it very sweet, but it will jelly with less. Five pounds of sugar to six pounds of juice will answer, but will require boiling a few moments longer. When your juice has been boiled ten minutes throw in your sugar, and as quick as it dissolves try your jelly by cooling a little on a spoon; if it stiffens in the least the jelly has cooked enough. From ten to fifteen minutes is usually sufficient time for it to boil. Your currants should not be very ripe if you want your jelly to be a fine color, and if your currants are not very ripe five minutes wil be long enough for the juice to boil before the sugar is added. Jelly made in this manner will neverfail to stiffen.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The smallest print which a normal eye can recognize at a distance of one foot is about 1 50 of an inch.

A German scientist finds that the true color of perfectly distilled pure water is a fine, deep blue-green.

The transpiration from a forest is nearly twice as great as the evaporation from an equal area of free soil.

There is reason to believe that ants produce sounds of such high pitch that they are inaudible to the human ear.

The ancient Egyptians portray in their rock-cut memorials the operation of filtration in connection with the manufacture of wine.

Certain physicians say that crying should not be repressed in children, as the consequences may be Saint Vitus's dance or epileptic fits.

Remains of a remarkable bird of the Eocene epoch have been found near Rheims by M. de Lemoinne. The bird was at least ten feet high when erect, with a much larger skull than that of the ostrich, and affinities—it is believed—to the duck.

Colors fade under the influence of the electric light, as in sunlight, but M. Decaux find that the effect is weaker. With an arc light of 200 candle power the influence upon oil and water paintings and colored wool seemed to be about one-fourth as powerful as sunlight influence.

It is reported that a telegram and a telephonic message from Brussels were recently received simultaneously over one wire at Paris. The system is the work of the Belgian meteorological bureau, Herr Van Risselberghe, and if successful must prove very valuable.

Tower City, Dakota, has a water supply from a remarkable artesian well, the nature of which seems to deserve close examination by geologists on the spot. When the earth was penetrated 560 feet salt water was obtained. Twenty feet further down a gravelly stratum was struck, yielding also salt water. After boring down 604 feet fresh water mixed with quicksand came up. Now, from a depth of 675 feet, there is a flow of pure water of steadily increasing quantity.

Something Curious Happened.

A boy ten years old pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and lath taken from some demolished structure—an every-day sight in all our cities. Tired and exhausted he halted under a shade tree. His feet were bruised and sore, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. What must be the thoughts of such a child as he looks out upon the world—the fine houses, the rich dresses, the rolling carriages—the happy faces of those who have never known what it was to be poor? Does it harden the heart and make it wicked, or does it bring a feeling of loneliness and wretchedness—a wondering if the rich made Heaven is not so far from the poor man's Heaven that he will never catch sight of their pinched faces?

The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was sound asleep. His bare feet just touched the curbstone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled to the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food—of nights when the body shivered with cold—of a home without sunshine—of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened—A laboring man—a queer, old man with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, was poor. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tip-toed along until he could bend over the boy, and then he took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carefully away, looking back every moment, but hastening out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks. Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human heart is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman walked down and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes and a boy brought a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece.

Something curious had happened. The charity of a poor old man had unlocked the hearts of a score of people. Then something strange occurred. The pinched-faced boy suddenly awoke and sprang up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread—the clothing—the money—the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all those things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down and covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a grieved child. They had read him a sermon greater than all the sermons of the churches. They had set his heart to swelling and jumping until it choked him. Poor, ragged and wretched, and feeling that he was no more to the world than a stick or a stone, he had awakened to find that the world regarded him as a human being worthy of aid and entitled to pity.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How a Statesman Controls His Temper.

When M. de Persigny was French minister of the interior, he received a visit one day from a friend, who, on sending up his name, was shown into the great man's sanctum. A warm discussion arose between them. Suddenly an usher entered and handed the minister a note. On opening it he at once changed his tone of voice and assumed a quiet and urbane manner. Puzzled as to the contents of the note, and by the marked effect it had suddenly produced upon the minister, his friend cast a furtive glance at it, when, to his astonishment, he perceived that it was simply a plain sheet of paper, without a scratch upon it! More puzzled than ever, the gentleman, after a few minutes, took his leave and proceeded to interrogate the usher, to whom he was well-known, for he himself had been minister of the interior.

"You have," said he, "just handed to the minister a note, folded up, which had a most extraordinary effect upon him. Now, it was a plain sheet of paper, with nothing written upon it. What did it mean?"

"Sir," replied the usher, "here is the explanation, which I must beg you to keep secret, for I do not wish to compromise myself. My master is very liable to lose his temper. As he himself is aware of his weakness, he has ordered me, each time, that his voice is raised sufficiently to be audible in the anteroom, without delay to place a sheet of paper in an envelope, and take it to him. That reminds him that his temper is getting the better of him, and he at once calms himself. Just now I heard his voice rising, and immediately carried out my instructions.'

The assessment roll of the State of Louisiana shows that real estate is assessed to the amount of $130 701,901 and personal property at $50,758,000.

WISE WORDS.

He who pretends to be everybody's particular friend is nobody's.

If you do what you should not, you must hear what you would not.

When the best things are not possible the best may be made of those that are.

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

There is no joy like that arising from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed.

What we charitably forgive will be recompensed as well as what we charitably give.

The best way to cover your tracks so that no man will find you out is not to do the deed.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

Leisure is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

It is always well to accept the inevitable with equanimity. The old proverb runs: "Since my house must be burned I will warm myself at it."

Who can deservedly be called a conqueror? He who conquers his rancorous passions, and endeavors to turn his enemy into a friend. Thou shalt not say, "I will love the wise, but the unwise I will hate;" but thou shalt love all mankind.

Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men, he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but, if he has not earnestness, he will want weight. No soul moving picture was ever painted that had not in it depth of shadow.

Story of a Bedstead.

It was night.

The boarding house was wrapt in tenebrous gloom, faintly tinted with an odor of kerosene.

Suddenly there arose on the air a yell, followed by wild objurgations and furious anathemas.

Then there was a clanking and rattling, as of an overturned picket fence, and another yell, with more anathemas. The fatted boarders listened, and, ghostly clad, tip-toed along to Buffum's room, he of Buffam & Bird, second-hand furniture dealers. As they stood there there was a whiz, a grinding, a rattling and a bang, and more yells. They consulted and knocked on the door.

"Come in."

"Open it."

"I can't."

Convinced that Buffam was in his last agony they knocked in the door with a bedpost.

The sight was ghastly. Clasped between two sturdy though slender frames of walnut, Buffum, pale as a ghost, was six feet up in the air. He couldn't move. He was caught like a bear in a log-trap.

"What on earth is it?" they said.

"Bedstead—combination. New patent I was tellin' you about," gasped Buffum.

His story was simple, though tearful. He had brought it home that day, and after using it for a writing desk, had opened it out and made his bed. He was going peacefully to dream land, when he rolled over and accidentally touched a spring. The faithful invention immediately became a double crib, and turned Buffum into a squalling wafer. Then he struggled; and was reaching around for the spring, when the patent bedstead thought it would show off some more and straightened out and shot up in the air and was a clothes-horse. Buffum said he didn't like to be clothes, and he would give the thing to anybody that would get him out. They said they would try. They didn't want any such fire-extinguisher as that for their trouble, but they would try. They inspected it cautiously. They walked all around it. Then the commission merchant laid his little finger on the top end of it. The thing snorted and reared as if it had been shot, slapped over with a bang and became an extension table for ten people. When they recovered from the panic they came back. They found the commission merchant in the corner trying to get breath enough to swear, while he rubbed his shins. Buffum had disappeared, but they knew he had not gone far. The invention appeared to have taken a fancy to him and incorporated him into the firm, so to speak. He was down underneath, straddling one of the legs with his head jammed into the mattress. Nobody dared to touch it. The landlady got a club and reached for its vital parts, but could not find them. She hammered her breath away, and when she got through and dropped the club in despair the thing swung out its arms with a gasp and a rattle, turned over twice and slapped itself into a bed again, with Buffum peacefully among the sheets. He held his breath for a minute, and then, watching his opportunity, made a flying leap to the floor just in time to save himself from being a folding screen.

A man with a black eye and cut lip told the *Wasp* editor about it yesterday. He said he owned the patent and Buffum had been explaining to him how it worked.—*Wasp.*

The Population of New York City.

A special table has been prepared by the census bureau showing the population of New York city by ages, sexes, nativities, etc. The total population, for 1880) is 1,206,029. The native white population consists of 349,250 males and 359,158 females, making a total of 708,408 The foreign white population numbered 231,458 males and 245,707 females, making a total of 477,165. The colored population consisted of 9,536 males and 10,920 females. The number of children of five years of age and under is as follows: Native white, males, 80,739, females, 79,875; foreign white, males, 2,318; females, 2,384; colored, males, 1,012; females, 962. Total males, 84,069; females, 83,221, or a grand total of 167,290 children five years and under. Between the ages of five years and twenty years the figures were as follows: Native white, males, 138,399; females, 145,103; foreign white, males, 18,729; females, 22,016; colored males, 1,722; females, 2,001; total males, 158,850; females, 169,130, or a grand total of 327,980. Of the persons ninety years old and over the native white numbered 18 males and 48 females; the foreign white were 63 males and 200 females, and the colored were 1 male and 16 females, making a total of 346 persons reported to be 90 years of age and over. The oldest native white man was 98 years, while there were 3 native white females reported at 98, 1 at 99 and 1 at 100 years. Of the foreign white population 6 males and 13 females were reported at 100 or over. The oldest colored man was reported to be 94, and 9 colored women were reported to be 100 years or over.

Little Bobbie, who talks slang for the whole family, said to his father: "There are fixed stars, ain't there, papa?" To which his father replied, "Yes, Bobbie." And then the young rascal asked: "Are they all well fixed, papa?"

Boston gossips declare that Oscar Wilde has met his fate, and will marry a New England girl. What the New England girl has done to merit such a fate is not stated.

THE IMPENDING FATE.

An Interesting Chapter from the Life of a Prominent Bostonian.
(Boston Globe.)

The readers of this paper were more or less amazed at a most remarkable statement from one of our leading citizens which appeared in yesterday's issue. So unusual were the circumstances connected with it, and so much comment did it occasion on the street and in social circles, that a representative of this paper was commissioned to investigate its details and verify its facts. The article referred to was a statement made by Mr. B. F. Larrabee, of the New York and Boston Dispatch Express company, whose office is on Arch street. Mr. Larrabee was found by the newspaper man in his private office, and on being questioned, said:

"Well, sir, logically I have been dead, but really I am as you can see me. A little over a year ago I was taken sick. My trouble was not severe at first and I thought it was the result of a slight cold. Somehow I felt unaccountably tired at times, although I took an abundance of sleep. Then, again, I had dull and strange pains in various parts of my body. My appetite was good one day and I had none whatever the next, and my head pained me much of the time. A while afterward I noticed much that was peculiar about the fluids I was passing and that a sediment, scum and a strange accumulation appeared in it. Still I did not realize that these things meant anything serious and I allowed the illness to run along until on the 28th day of October I fell prostrate while walking along Tremont street. I was carried home and did not go out of the house until the middle of December. I then went down town and attempted to attend to my business until the 13th of last January, when I was taken with a very severe relapse. My symptoms were terrible. I was fearfully bloated; I suffered severe pain in all parts of my body and it was almost impossible to get my breath. For six days I never laid down and never slept. I was constantly attended by my regular physician, Doctor Johnson, and Doctor Bowditch also came to see me nearly every day. There was no doubt that I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys in its worst form and last stages, accompanied by other troubles in my liver and heart. In spite, however, of the skill of the physicians, I kept growing worse, and finally they tapped my side in the vicinity of the heart, taking away forty-six ounces of water. This relieved me for the time, but I soon became as bad as before. Then the doctors gave me up entirely, declared I could not live more than twenty hours, and my daughter, who was residing in Paris, was telegraphed for. Still I lingered along for several weeks, far more dead than alive, but never giving up hope. One night—it was on the 20th of April, I very well remember—my attendant, who was reading to me, began an article which described my diseases and sufferings exactly. It told how some severe cases of Bright's disease had been cured, and so clearly and sensibly did it state the case that I determined to try the means of cure which it prescribed. So I sent my man too the drug store, procured a bottle of the medicine unknown to my physicians and friends, and took the first dose at 10 o'clock. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sleep; I had the short breaths and could scarcely get any air into my lungs. I was terribly bloated from head to foot, and the motion of my heart was irregular and painful. The next morning I was able to breathe freely; the pain began to leave me and the bloating decreased. I continued to take the medicine, and to-day, sir, I am as well as I ever was in my life, and wholly owing to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I do not know what this medicine is made of, or anything else about it, but I know it saved my life when I was given up by the doctors and had really been dead for weeks; that it has kept me in perfect health ever since, and has cured many of my friends to whom I have recommended it. There are a number of very remarkable cases in Lynn and Salem, as it in this city, that it has cured. My recovery is so remarkable that it has excited much attention, and physicians as well as others have investigated it thoroughly. I am glad they have, for I feel that the results of such a wonderful cure should be known to the thousands in all parts of the land who are suffering from troubles of the kidneys, liver or heart, in some of their many dangerous forms."

The representative of the press thanked Mr. Larrabee for his very frank and clear statement, and was about to leave the office when a gentleman stepped up to him and inquired if he were seeking information about Mr. Larrabee's sickness and recovery. The scribe replied that he was, whereupon the gentleman said:

"And so am I, and I have come all the way from Chicago for that very purpose. Kidney troubles seem to be alarmingly increasing all over the country, and I have a very near relative who is afflicted much as Mr. Larrabee was. I have been to see the physicians of whom Mr. Larrabee speaks, and I tell you, sir, it is simply wonderful."

"What did they say?" asked the man of news.

"Say! why, sir, they fully confirm everything Mr. Larrabee has stated. I went to see Dr. D. A. Johnson, at 20 Worcester street. He was absent when I called, and so I stepped into the Commonwealth hotel, where Mr. Larrabee was living at the time of his sickness. Messrs. Brugh & Carter are the proprietors, and I asked them about Mr. Larrabee's case. Mr. Brugh pointed to the electric annunciator and said, 'Why for weeks and weeks every time that bell rang I said: That means the death of Mr. Larrabee. No one around the hotel ever dreamed that he would recover, and when the doctors would come down from his room they would shake their heads and say there was no hope. The arrangements for the funeral were made and his recovery was simply a miracle.'

"I then called on Dr. Johnson, who said that Mr. Larrabee's case was a very remarkable one. He was his family physician and expected his death every hour for a number of weeks and never called to see him during that time but he was prepared for it. The doctor said the recovery was due to Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, and if he had friends, male or female, troubled with Albumen or any kidney trouble he should certainly advise them to use this remedy. Dr. Johnson said kidney difficulties are more common than most people think, and that many symptoms which are supposed to be other diseases arise from the kidneys. He said that ladies after gestation are specially subject to albuminous troubles which require prompt attention.

"Well, I then came down and called on Dr. H. Ingersoll Bowditch on Boylston street. The old doctor was inclined to be reticent, but fully confirmed all I had previously learned. He had attended Mr. Larrabee, and supposed him beyond all hope, and he was afterward restored, as he said, by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

"I next went to see Dr. Melville E. Webb, at the Hotel Cluny, for you see I was determined to be thorough in the matter. I found Dr. Webb a most clear-headed and well-informed gentleman, and he said:

"'I know of Mr. Larrabee's case from having thoroughly investigated it as a medical director of a life insurance company, and it is one of the most remarkable cases I have ever met. Mr. Larrabee had all the manifestations of a complication of diseases, and in their worst forms. He had albumen and casts in the urine, and a terribly diseased liver and spleen. Indeed, he was so bad that he threw himself upon the floor, and, with his head upon a hassock, struggled for breath. It was on the night when he was so bad, and when all his medical advisers had long given him up, that he began using Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. The next morning at 10 o'clock he was able to breathe freely, and has been ever since. I subjected him to the most thorough examination possible, and for his recovery, and "I can't find out about him." His kidneys, liver, lungs and heart are perfectly well and sound. I can only add that, from what I have seen, I would unhesitatingly recommend this remedy.'"

The conclusions from the statements above made which come to the newspaper man as well as the general public, must be two-fold. First that a modern miracle of healing has been performed in our midst, and that, too, by the simplest means and one which is within the reach of every one. It should be remembered that Bright's disease is not usually a sudden complaint. Its beginnings are slight and its growth slow. The symptoms by which it may be detected are different with different persons, no two people usually having the same. This fact was manifest in the case of Mr. Larrabee, and he had no idea of the terrible complaint which had attacked him until it became fixed upon him. Secondly, testimonials of such high character and so outspoken in tone, conclusively prove the value of the remedy and its superior nature to the proprietary articles with which the public have been flooded. "The greater includes the less," and the remedy which has been proven so valuable and has saved a life after it was brought down to death's door, must unquestionably be certain in all minor troubles which are so disastrous unless taken in time.

Suicide.

The larger number of suicides take place in countries where life is thought easy and happy, as in the kingdom and duchies of Saxony, in the smaller German states, and in Denmark. Trustworthy statistics prove that there are 110 cases of self-murder in France for every sixty-nine cases which happen in England. Suicides are least frequent in Spain, which is, perhaps, of all European countries the most superstitious. There are only thirty female suicides to every 100 men who destroy themselves. The greatest number of suicides occur in summer; the fewest in midwinter. Out of 23,304 French suicides, 8,413 died of strangulation, 4,656 by drowning, firearms disposed of 2,452, and poison of only 281.

"We'll shake once more for the quinine," as the ague said to the victim.

That Hu-band of Mine

Is three times the man he was before he began using Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists. Send for pamphlet to E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

"Threw Away Her Supporter."

DR. PIERCE: A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try your "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before. JAMES MILLER, 4346 Jacob street, Wheeling, W. Va.

THE cultivation of mushrooms is a paying branch of gardening in France, where this esculent is consumed every year to the value of $1,800,000.

Woman and Her Diseases

is the title of a large illustrated treatise, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., sent to any address for three stamps. It teaches successful self-treatment.

BETWEEN fifty and sixty physicians are employed in the United States Indian service under the authority of the secretary of the interior.

If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pierce's large pamphlet treatise on Consumption and Kindred Affections. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE whole town of Mineral Ridge, Mahoning county, Ohio, is owing in from three to five feet in consequence of the removal of the coal.

"All Ought to Know."

TITUSVILLE, Pa., March 12, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I am fully satisfied that your safe Kidney and Liver Cure saved my life, and that I would have been dead months ago had I not used it. I look upon it as a great blessing to mankind and a remedy that all ought to know. J. A. COUTANT.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON has swam a distance equal to the circumference of the earth, and has saved seventy-two lives.

The new circular of the Cayuga Lake Military Academy, Aurora, N. Y., is a handsome book of 40 pages, full of information. Maj. W. A. Flint is Principal, Henry Morgan, Esq., President.

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